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December 25¢

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



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LETTERS



"Too Many Japanese?"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Charges of Communist penetration of the churches have generally absolved the Catholic clergy. Today, when I bought my copy of *THE SIGN* in St. Aloysius' and read the Editor's page, with the suggestion by Father Kaschmitter that we should rent the Japanese 20,000,000 acres of farm land to relieve their population pressure, I wondered if they had not bored into the clergy. Pan-Asiaticism is part of the Communist program to devastate our civilization, and this plan to settle so many of an Asiatic breed here could only further that plan.

Why not apply the same principle to the Chinese and Indians—they are just as overpopulated as Japan. All the reasons for doing this for the Japs apply equally to the Germans. Does Father Kaschmitter prefer the Japs? ...

ART MADSEN

DETROIT, MICH.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The editorial in question expressly stated: "If such a plan worked out in the U.S., it could be introduced into various parts of the world—for Japan or for any other country in need of available land."

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

From an economic viewpoint, Father Kaschmitter's plan is very sound. From a moral viewpoint it is certainly just and not unreasonable. From an international-political viewpoint, it seems unattainable, even though most desirable.

I firmly believe that if the people of the world would understand the plan, and if they would have a "say so," the whole thing could be arranged in a rather easy fashion. But it appears that while we extol democracy, we qualify and circumvent it; while we propose a human rights covenant, we exclude many humans from exercising such rights.

When will the maxim of Christ come to fruition? "Do unto others as we would have others do unto us."

MSGR. L. G. LIGUTTI
Executive Director

Catholic Rural Life Conference
DES MOINES, IOWA

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Father Kaschmitter's proposal (October editorial) that the United States pioneer in a novel approach to the solution of Japan's population problem may seem too

idealistic at first sight. On the contrary, it represents the mature and practical view of a deep-thinking Maryknoll priest. ...

... His vast missionary experience and erudite economic studies based on the Papal encyclicals make him worthy of a hearing.

REV. COSMAS KORB, OFM CONV.
TRENTON, N. J.

Beware Dessert!

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Enclosed is twenty-five cents for another copy of the October issue of *THE SIGN* magazine, or was it the September issue, which had the article "Husbands Are Married Too."

In case the author gets enough fan mail to write another article here is another *don't*: Don't put your troubles on the shoulders of the little woman who is mashing steaming potatoes, making gravy, etc., etc. Serve your troubles with the dessert.

BARAGA CATHOLIC LIBRARY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Kind Offer and Good Advice

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Noted in the October issue a request for a list of modern books which are inadvisable reading for students (of high school age). For years, I have distributed such a list based particularly upon titles in the *Standard Catalog for High School Libraries*, which is a basic buying list for secondary schools, used by accrediting agencies in evaluating book stock. I shall be glad to send a copy of this list to your readers free upon request. Of course, Catholic teachers and librarians should keep up-to-date by reading reviews in such media as *THE SIGN* and by reading books!

RICHARD J. HURLEY
Prof. of Children's Literature
The Catholic University of America
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mrs. Burton Declines

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In a letter to this department, regarding a recent editorial of mine, Father Cantillon defended himself ably and in a gay sort of manner. It would be easy and rather fun to duel with him in this facetious fashion, but in this special matter I am serious enough to want the buttons off the foils if
(Continued on page 78)

The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

DECEMBER 1953

VOL. 33



No. 5

ARTICLES

American Scene

In the Cabinet Hot Seat.....	John C. O'Brien	22
Farewell to Catholic College Football.....	Charles G. Johnson	28
Graveyard for Racketeers.....	Alonzo Tier	45

The World Scene

This Is Main Street, France.....	Bernard Redmont	9
Silent Night, Holy Night (A Sign Picture Story).....		25
School for Late Vocations (A Sign Picture Story).....		59

Various

Sung Any Good Hymns Lately?.....	Paul Hume	13
My Search for Faith.....	Lord Pakenham	19
The Bishop Returns.....		34
National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception.....		55

SHORT STORIES

Anything You Want.....	Leslie Gordon Barnard	16
Christ-Mass at Dawn.....	Doran Hurley	40
The Island.....	James A. Dunn	50

EDITORIALS

Massacre at Qibiya.....	Ralph Gorman, C. P.	4
Current Fact and Comment.....		5

ENTERTAINMENT

Stage and Screen.....	Jerry Cotter	35
Radio and Television.....	John Lester	52
Sports.....	Don Dunphy	56

FEATURES

Letters.....		2
A Carol of Stars and Snow—Poem. Sr. Mary of the Visitation		18
Sign Post.....	Aloysius McDonough, C. P.	31
People.....		38
Song for a Mother—Poem.....	Winifred Corrigan, R. C.	44
A Few Christmas Stories.....	Anita Colby	49
Woman to Woman.....	Katherine Burton	58
The Coming of the Holy Ghost.....	Gerald Vann, O. P.	62

READING GUIDE

Books.....		63
Christmas Books and Children.....	Anne Thaxter Eaton	73

Cover: *The Niccolini-Cowper Madonna*, by Raphael. Courtesy, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C. (Mellon Collection)

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THE SIGN, a monthly publication, is owned, edited, and published at UNION CITY, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers. (Legal Title—Passionist Missions, Inc.) Subscription price \$3.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 25¢. Canada, \$3.00 a year; Foreign, \$3.50 per year.—All checks and money orders should be made payable to THE SIGN. All cash remittances should be registered. — Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten, and accompanied by return postage. All accepted manuscripts are paid for on acceptance without reference to time of publication.—Subscriptions and Advertising inquiries should be addressed to the Business Manager. Advertising rates on application. Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, Change of Address should be sent in at least four weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the OLD and the NEW address should always be given. Phone—Union 7-6400. — Entered as Second-Class matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Par. 4—Sec. 538, Act of May 26, 1925.—All the contents of THE SIGN are protected by copyright. The Editor's permission must be obtained for reprint of any contribution. THE SIGN is indexed in the Catholic Periodical Index. Copyright by THE PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., 1953.



Editor's page

Massacre at Qibiya

TERROR was a political weapon of the Nazis and is still used by the Communists. But neither Nazis nor Communists ever used terror in a more cold-blooded and wanton manner than the Israelis in the massacre at Qibiya.

The official report of the Palestine Truce Supervisor removed any possible doubt that the Israelis, themselves in large part refugees from Hitler's terror, were perpetrators of this horrible slaughter of innocent men, women, and children. It also reveals that it was an official act of the state, carried out by an official organ, the army. In this it differs from the individual acts of revenge committed by Arabs who have been driven from their homes in the border areas.

Qibiya is an Arab village twenty miles northeast of Jerusalem and a mile and a half from the border of Israel. The evening of October 14 was like any other for the 1500 inhabitants of the peaceful village until at 9:30 all hell let loose. Mortar shells began exploding from artillery that had been carefully aimed from Israel before dark. After the town had been partly demolished and many of its inhabitants buried in the rubble of falling homes or blown to bits by the exploding shells, half a battalion of the regular Israeli army moved in and surrounded the village to cut off escape.

Then followed an orgy of murder that would be incredible if it had not been verified by reliable neutral testimony. Women and children as well as men were murdered deliberately, systematically, and in cold-blood. As the official report states: "Witnesses were uniform in describing their experience as a night of horror during which Israeli soldiers moved about in their village, blowing up buildings, firing into doorways and windows with automatic weapons, and throwing hand grenades. . . . Bullet-riddled bodies near the doorways and multiple bullet hits on the doors of the demolished houses indicated that the inhabitants had been forced to remain inside until their houses were blown up over them."

The only response the Israelis have made to outraged protests of the civilized world has been one of defiance and self-justification. Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion excused the murderers. Israeli newspapers openly gloated over the deed, and even American Zionists showed little concern other than a fear that American dollars might not continue

to flow as freely as before into the coffers of the new state.

Most of our readers know by now our attitude on Zionism. We are not anti-Semitic, although anybody who criticizes Israel is tarred with this brush in some quarters. We have always advocated help for persecuted Jews and an open-door policy for Jewish immigration into the U. S. But Palestine has been an Arab country since the seventh century and it is a terrible injustice to rob the Arabs of their land and drive them into exile in order to make a home for Jewish refugees.

The state of Israel is an accomplished fact and cannot be undone now. But if we want some measure of justice for all concerned, if we want any respect for the U.N. and its decisions, if we want peace in the Middle East and the vast Moslem world on our side in the struggle with Soviet Russia, then we must take action now. We simply cannot permit the Israelis to go on thumbing their noses at the U.N. and flouting the most fundamental decencies of the civilized world.

WE should demand that the Israelis accept, and accept as final, the territorial limits established by the U.N., with minor rectifications to return to Arab villages land which has been cut off by an arbitrary drawing of boundaries. We should give a guarantee to the Arabs that in case of further Israeli aggression we shall shut off all help to Israel and give all possible aid to the Arabs. We can and should force the Israelis to accept the U.N. decision to internationalize Jerusalem. This is a matter in which the whole Christian world has an interest. These are minimum and essential demands.

We must confess a fear that little or nothing will be done in spite of the tremendous issues involved. The Zionist pressure group in this country is so powerful that even the highest government officials either talk as if they were citizens of Israel or keep silent.

Fraser Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



"Who, me?" Winston Churchill appears to be saying upon hearing news of his nomination for the Nobel Prize for literature. Final volume of his memoirs is now on sale.

European



Beginnings of revived Japanese Navy, now euphemistically called the "Coastal Safety Force," shown on maneuvers. At the moment, training is the main job of the fleet.

United Press

ECONOMISTS like to think that they are developing an exact science. Yet when a really important problem of prediction comes up, they are not always so sure of themselves. Take the matter of a coming depression, for example. It is vital to government, business, labor, farmers, and the consuming public to know how healthy business may be at any given time. Yet the wisest seers are not in agreement on the present state of the American economy.

Another Depression Coming Up?

The stockmarket obviously is prepared for the worst. With corporation earnings at record highs and consumer spending likewise on a high plateau, stock prices have broken sharply. Brokers explain that the market generally ignores current trends and reacts to the expected future. On the other hand, many government economists and some businessmen think we should not sell America short. They hold that we can adjust readily to certain changes in the business scene.

The arguments for pessimism are clear and cogent. They assume that the postwar boom was based on pent-up demand and an expanding population. This slackened off in 1949, but the Korean war gave a new impetus to the boom. Now that fighting has ceased and military needs are tapering off, it is argued that production is bound to decline.

Particularly important is what we might term the *structure* of the boom. Much of our effort has gone to expanding basic capacity, so that we might carry on a high level of civilian consumption and still produce enormous quantities of military matériel. This task, according to the pessimists, is largely done. We now have tremendous capacity in such fields as steel, aluminum, oil, chemicals, and the production of uranium and plutonium. There has been much rebuilding of plant, roads, and office structures. New houses have been built at the rate of a million a year.

The important point is that much of our spending has been on *durable* goods. Once these are produced, they are normally useful for many years. A well-built house will last over half a century. Once basic steel or aluminum capacity is expanded sufficiently, no important new construction will be needed in these industries for decades to come. If we reach the saturation point in the durable-goods fields, then the construction industry and its many suppliers will suffer sharp contractions. This in turn will upset other segments of the economy.

Other items might also be mentioned in favor of a less cheerful view. The decline in farm prices has reduced farmers' spending, without significantly affecting the cost of living. Business inventories are mounting and selling is becoming increasingly difficult. Thus, while automobile production reached an all-time record, dealers had great difficulties in disposing of the cars produced.

In spite of all these factors, many economists find grounds for optimism. One point noted is that consumer income and also employment are at the highest levels in our history. Even with allowance for price increases, consumers



Christian heroism in Communist prison camps was the theme struck by Dr. Charles Mayo in a report to the U.N. on Red torture of American PW's in Korean camps. *Gillson*



Mrs. Irene Towers, of San Francisco, whose son Leland has been reported in a Russian concentration camp, types out protest to her congressman. Son disappeared in 1951. *United Press photos*



Concrete evidence of Red atrocities in Korea was provided in actual photos introduced at the U.N. U.S. has demanded that world body hold hearings on the question.

never had more money to spend. It is hard to imagine a real depression starting at a time that spending is reaching unheard-of proportions.

Optimists also note that declines in government spending, farm prices, and business expansion are not likely to be severe. The world situation prevents any rapid tapering off of rearmament. Price ceilings protect farm prices. There are still large areas of untapped demand for public and private spending. Government will act to head off any depression or even major recession.

Above all, the optimists have faith in the resiliency of the free American economy. They feel that Americans will demand a constantly improving standard of living. Supplying this need will keep the economy busy. There may be adjustments, as demand centers first in one field, then in another. But the over-all level of activity should remain high.

Balancing the two positions, we conclude that the pessimists have the sharper and more detailed arguments, but that the optimists are likely to be proved right. The double factors of high income plus flexibility and resiliency of the economy should outweigh the adverse factors. Our expanding population has many needs, and the American economy will find means to satisfy them.

WE have heard middle-aged people of sound mind insist nostalgically that a subtle but steady revolution of climate has been in progress for quite a few years. In certain areas of the country where

A Merry Christmas Even If Not White

once you could get your ears frozen on Halloween now probably your breath wouldn't even steam on New Year's—and vacationists are around all winter. At least, so they say.

Their sad remembrance of the bygone, more rugged days seems to pivot on Christmas. Christmas isn't white any more, most of the time. Evergreen decorations are superfluous because the grass and privet retain their July look through December. Department stores carry small skate inventories. And the illustrations in the Dickens books seem like invaders from outer-space, in their unfamiliar mufflers and great-coats.

A more remote and fetching memory to the aging sentimentalist is the tinkle of sleigh bells, the clop clop of snow-muted hooves, and street lamps lighting up red-cheeked faces of happy carolers. All this has gone.

About the only place you can encounter such scenes today is on Christmas cards or in backward villages of Europe. So that, nowadays, when you wish your friends a Merry Christmas, you are locating the merriment in a very different sort of world and in a different brand of adventure.

You are wishing them a *green* Christmas out of consideration for their new Cadillac. You are wishing them things like dacron finery and color TV. You are being very modern, very practical, and very unpoetic.

Your misfortune is that you were born fifty years too late to enjoy the old-fashioned Yuletide touted in the Christmas songs. And so were they.

But the great ingredient of Christmas joy for the Christian is none of these things. Rather, it is an irreversible event fixed in the eternal cement of history. Climate has nothing to do with it. Neither has industrial chemistry, nor household electronics.

This, the real key to holiday happiness, is the simple fact that a long time ago the Saviour came and arranged it so that we are to live with Him forever—His kind of life. Christmas is His birthday.

So, when we wish you—as we do—a Merry Christmas, we are wishing you the successful accomplishment of that destiny. Wishing you, incidentally, a much more exciting environ-

ment than the winter wonderland of the Christmas cards, tin-pan alley, and the middle-aged memory.

What if it *isn't* white?

A Merry Christmas, anyway.

SINCE 1933, right up to the current brainwashing of Korean POW's by North Korean "Explainers," our foreign relations have consisted largely in the considerate averting of our eyes from accomplished crime and the unflagging pursuit of the good will of the criminal. The criminal in question is the Communist bloc, and the crimes are without number.

For this sorry lapse from our national ideals, the excuse has been offered that such compromises represent the only way to sidestep the collision of war. The only way to soothe fidgety allies. The only way to save our nation from eventually being rustled out of the friendly herd and branded with the hammer and sickle.

This opinion is highly debatable. It was probably manufactured by top-level Red strategists, then spoon-fed to certain sleepwalking innocents of the Left-and-Liberal circuit.

But suppose it is true—that the risk of being backed into a corner and made to fight alone is the only alternative to appeasement. Would this honest gamble be the worst kind of evil that could befall us? Would it be as bad, say, as the mushy decay of national conscience which results from constantly swallowing our principles in an attempt to successfully serenade the Soviet?

Isn't it more decent to stand up and be counted than to pull our hat down over our eyes and our coat-collar up around our ears, to avoid being challenged on an imperative issue? Isn't this fear of getting a body-hurt dealing our country a critical kind of soul-hurt?

There is much to be said for the idea.

It seems to us that, as a result of the steady and stealthy surrender of integrity that has gone on since we first tried to buy Russia as an insurance policy against Hitler, the public has lost its old sense of respectability and wholesome pride. So that now, in the course of about a month, it could be made to accept, without much shock, almost any kind of national disgrace.

TAKE, for instance, the possible betrayal of Formosa and its transfer to the jurisdiction of Red China—a deal which, of course, would be attended with some hemming and

hawing about its being too bad to have to let Chiang down but what else can you do. We seriously think this upending of current opinion could be accom-

plished in a month if the propaganda cards were played right. So far has moral evasion sapped the muscle of the public conscience.

Let the President make a slippery speech saying how, while we will never desert our honor as a nation, we must adjust to reality. Then let the Party wheels grind out that message at Rotary dinners and Commencement exercises. Before long, in every country club locker-room, truck drivers' lunch, and commuters' train, you would have adjusters-to-reality ready to dash a tear from their eye and sign away somebody else's rights.

Then let a man like Churchill throw together a few catchy epigrams, admonishing us like a genial uncle dealing smoothly with somewhat stupid children. Our characteristic diplomatic timidity would dissolve our moral scruples as hot coffeee does a lump of sugar.



United Press photo
Yugoslav dictator added fuel to already sizzling Trieste situation in speech rejecting U.S.-British solution. Riots spread from Trieste throughout Italy, threatening peace.



Four nuns took part in American Art Week celebration in New York recently. Painting of skull on extreme right is titled "My Future" by artist-nun Sister M. Gloria.



A moment before death, this Arab mother and child might almost have been posing for portrait of Madonna and child. Such are the victims of Arab-Israeli fighting.



Wide World
This seeing-eye dog gave up dog's life for the life of Reilly, when he received special permission to accompany his blind mistress to an audience with the Holy Father.



European
Deposed Prime Minister Cheddi Jagan, accused of leading Red coup in British Guiana, defends himself at press conference in London. Reds are gaining in Latin America.

France could accelerate our deterioration of conscience by throwing one of her diplomatic sulks. And the American Communist apparatus could be counted on to rush onto the scene with all its refined tricks for pushing around and discrediting everybody but fellow travelers and those who obediently keep their mouths shut.

Thus, with a little luck, we think this conversion of heart could be wrought in about a month.

We do not, however, believe that Mr. Eisenhower would actually make such a speech, thus setting off a chain reaction of moral stampede. But we are convinced that if he did, and did it smartly, the public, after some small initial surprise, would close its eyes and go marching along with him, to the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner."

The American conscience, we fear, has developed a case of elastic fatigue, like a length of lath left sagging against the wall of the woodshed. It has lost its moral spring and bounce. It has been too consistently bent by un-American compromise with Red brutality. It has sagged so long that it can't quite unsag.

Among other things, it couldn't unsag enough to dare to win the Korean War.

It couldn't unsag enough to say "no" to the North Korean brainwashers.

IN the United States today there are thousands of foreign students. They come from all parts of the world and are here for all sorts of purposes. They are the "new kid in the neighborhood"—on a global scale. And some of these students are going back home without benefit of a single friendly contact with an American Catholicism.

New Kid In The Neighborhood

Who are these foreign students? Some of them are Latin Americans or others from Catholic areas. For them it can be disastrous to lose contact suddenly with Catholics and become immersed in a secularist atmosphere, as one does on some American college campuses. Others are Catholics from pagan countries. They must feel a very special loneliness for contact with others of their faith. But in a way the most important group of all are the non-Catholic and non-Christian students from non-Christian lands: Japan, India, Indonesia, Egypt, and so on. For most of these, their student years in America will be their only contact with Christian civilization.

Of these non-Christian students, no one group is more important than those who are sent here to study by their own governments. Those who are sent by their parents or brought here under U. S. government exchange programs often succeed in staying here. If they return they may enter private fields. But those picked by their governments to study here are usually under contract to return and enter government service in their homelands. They are the ones it is important for us to reach while they are here. It is to them we should give the first opportunity to learn that Christians don't just talk love of their fellow men but practice it. These students may bring back with them to their government service a new understanding of Western Christian civilization.

What can you do about it? Well, the chances are pretty good that you aren't very far from some college or university, Catholic or secular. At a non-Catholic college, call up the Newman Club chaplain. At a Catholic school, contact the student counselor. Tell him you'd like to invite a foreign student to your home. It needn't be as an overnight guest or even for dinner. The main thing is to meet the foreign student and show him a gesture of friendship. You'll find a ready response and a satisfying experience.

This is Main Street, France

Walk into a small French town.
Walk down its main street. Talk to
its people. That's the way to
know France, the real France

by **BERNARD REDMONT**

"If you really want to know France," said my sophisticated Parisian friend, Jean-Pierre, "forget the falling cabinets, the Paris salons and the *Folies Bergères*. Get down to the good earth—the heart of the people. Take a close look at a small French town. That's the real France."

I took Jean-Pierre's advice, and here is the life I discovered:

East from Paris, twenty-five miles along the lazy River Marne, I found Main Street, France, in the town of Meaux (pronounced "Mo").

Dawn breaks quietly in the clear, cool morning of Meaux. The sun's first, slanting rays bathe the towers of the pale gray Cathedral of Saint Etienne de Meaux, a magnificent, though weather-beaten, stone monument to centuries of faith and inspiration.

Like an American small town, Meaux lives on the land. The land is its life. It nestles around a loop of the Marne, nourishing its 14,000 townspeople and much of the surrounding countryside with the riches of the fertile soil of Brie and Champagne.

Scrubbed cobblestoned streets and shuttered houses greet the visitor at daybreak, although things are beginning to stir already. Country smells fill the morning, and only the distant whistle of a shunting engine in the rail yards reminds you that Meaux is linked with the pulsating arteries of the nation.

In a little while, Main Street will be a thoroughfare, when the sleek, black Citroens and the bigger American cars come streaking down National Highway No. 3 from Chateau-Thierry, on their

BERNARD S. REDMONT lives in Paris. Since January 1950 he has covered France for Reuters News Agency, the London *Daily Mail*, and many leading American magazines.



Halperin photos
The pale gray Cathedral of Saint Etienne de Meaux, cobblestoned streets, shuttered houses, slanting sun—it's Main Street, France

way from West Germany and Strasbourg to Paris.

But just now, the Place Henry IV, the broad square which forms part of Main Street, is only beginning to show vague signs of awakening. It is market day. The market has been held on this spot for more than four hundred years. No modern shops or supermarkets have been able to alter this tradition.

"Time is reckoned in centuries here," says Jean-Pierre. Not far off, he pointed out some old Roman ramparts. "The librarian told me the other day that Caesar's *Gaulic Wars* mentioned a settlement on this spot." . . . Yes, Meaux has quite a history.

"Yes," I interrupt, "but what's it like today?"

"You'll see," he replies. "History is important. Meaux first got its charter

in 1179 from Henri le Liberal, Count of Champagne and later King of Jerusalem—and it was just about this time that the building of the Cathedral was started. Then there's Bossuet—our Jacques Benigne Bossuet, the great Bishop who came to Meaux in 1682. He's in all the history books. His sermons were the most sublimely eloquent ever heard."

Produce carts are arriving now from the lush farming areas nearby. They are heaped high with carrots, onions, lettuce, celery, tomatoes. Farmers and traders are arranging their wares decoratively in the tree-lined square. Workingmen bound for the railway station or factories on the edge of town trudge sleepily along the street in their dark blue denim coveralls.

"And don't forget the Battle of the Marne," says my friend. "It was here

that the first cannons were fired for the French counteroffensive, and here was the nearest the Germans got to Paris in 1914. Like many French towns, it was damaged in the Second World War, too.

Church bells are tolling and people are hurrying to Mass now—there are Masses at 7, 7:30, and 8 A.M. There is a group gathered around the zinc counter of the nearby *tabac* and café, already littered with empty coffee cups and small glasses of cognac or red wine.

Workers are buying garlic-spiced sausage at the market stalls for lunch. The shutters are opening all over Main Street, and children are skipping down

man in Meaux earns around \$50 a month in salary—sometimes as much as \$100 with his family allocations—and yet prices are usually comparable to those prevailing in the United States.

How did Pierre feel about the price-cutting drive? In a word, skeptical. He'd seen such campaigns before, and they had always failed. "You can't force people to make less money, when they know they can make more." Monsieur Depuis says there is too great a gulf between prices and the buying power of the average family.

Hadn't the Catholic daily *La Croix* in Paris said so the other day? "Cases of

of the main preoccupations of the French people. Aside from this, they are worried about high prices, low wages, and what they fear is the dwindling leadership of their country in foreign affairs. But, first of all, their own economic status interests them, particularly the state of the crops.

Children are on their way to school now. The French children are like children everywhere, except that they wear smocks, so that no child looks more poorly dressed than another. They are clean and neat and they have the most elaborate manners, even in the simplest of their games. Any roughhouse is con-



Marcel Cheret, owner of the biggest store. "Business is good"

Paul Barennes, Mayor, war hero, teacher, and man of all trades. "Cut prices"

No name, no talk. A carpenter sticks to his work. Some people are hostile

to the bakery for a fresh yard of French bread, longer than they are tall.

A few of the townsfolk live in Meaux and work in Paris, taking the commuter's train every morning. Rents for furnished flats can cost \$75 to \$200 a month in Paris, and unfurnished apartments just aren't available. Prices are higher in the capital, too. Better to live in peaceful Meaux, even if it does mean a morning's train trip, a cold lunch, and an hour's ride.

But most residents live and work here. Pierre Depuis, forty-five, married, with one child, a Catholic like most of Meaux, is starting his working day in the market, taking the same place he has occupied for twenty years.

Pierre sells household goods and groceries—mops, brooms, cereals, candies. He is a solidly built, jolly Frenchman with glasses and open collar.

It was the morning the French Government had started its drive to bring down retail prices. The average French-

obviously insufficient wages must be dealt with without delay," said *La Croix*. "Every worker must have the just wage that has often been defined in the papal encyclicals, providing not just an escape from dire want, but a life with dignity. To assure such a life for French workers is the responsibility of Christians."

ALMOST everybody in Meaux is concerned today about wages and prices. But Pierre Depuis has a special view of the cause of what he calls "present bad times." He blames it all on the war in Indo-China. He doesn't really know why, except that it's costing France one-third of her military budget. But he adds, "That's for soldiers to know about, not me." He voted for General Charles de Gaulle once, but he seems disappointed now and is an independent.

Depuis's attitude checks with official public opinion reports made by French prefects for the Ministry of Interior. These reports gave Indo-China as one

ducted on a sort of agreed diplomatic level.

Housewives are marketing with their net string bags and shops are opening their doors. Here is Maurice Collart, thirty-nine, single, who runs a one-room fur shop. After the Liberation he came here from Paris, where he was born. He is one of those lucky Frenchmen who was not deported or otherwise molested by the Nazis during the Occupation. He worked peacefully through it in Paris.

Most of Collart's work consists of alterations and repairs. He is the only furrier in Meaux, and when he does get an order to make a fur coat for somebody, the terms must be easy and the credit flexible.

"This is a rich town, in a way, and the region is prosperous, though we all live frugally. People have work all year round. And in the summer, we get some tourists—that, I can't understand, because people here are dour and basically hostile to strangers." Collart did not ex-

aggerate. Some people refused to be interviewed or photographed.

In Collart's opinion, there are too many political parties in France—at least half a dozen major ones alone in the National Assembly.

Politically, Maurice says, "I vote independent." How is business? "*Comme ci, comme ça*," which is about as politely vague as you can get. One gathers that there is not much spending, and the peasant thrift of France holds strong.

Collart says, "It's the war that's been having a bad effect on everything. It eats up our money, kills off our fine young men." Collart seems bitter. He

war. It is true that the franc is worth one-twentieth what it was in 1939, but still . . .

What about the Communist problem in France? Isn't it a dangerous state of affairs when one out of every four or five voted Communist? Cheret says, "Yes, here in Meaux, one quarter of the people voted Communist, too. But you know, this Communist vote is a vote for beefsteak. They're discontented, they want to eat better—they vote Communist. They're not real Communists."

I had heard this argument from others in Meaux. They described it as a "protest vote" and assured me that 95

taurant one finds all over France, labeled *Les Routiers*, where truck drivers usually stop. There is one where the highway runs into Meaux to become Main Street, and it is there that you unfailingly get a good, cheap meal for one dollar.

The restaurant is full of chauffeurs and clerks, and the talk is mostly of soccer football teams and cycling, rather than politics. Everybody drinks red wine with lunch—it costs ten cents the half pint and is cheaper than bottled water, milk, or Coca-Cola.

It is afternoon, and time to call on Monsieur le Curé. Everyone knows him



Maurice Collart owns fur shop. The state of affairs? "I am disgusted"

Monsieur le Curé, seventy-seven years old: the face of a Rembrandt portrait

Bossuet museum in the beautiful garden of the Bishop's Palace

reminds you that his father and grandfather died in the First World War.

The chestnut trees are waving gently, but the sun is warm, as we go down the street to meet Marcel Cheret, forty-three, married, with four children, a Catholic, owner of the biggest store on Main Street. He is dressed in a well-pressed tweed jacket, gray flannels, polished brown shoes, and has the air of a successful American advertising executive.

Cheret runs a big modern hardware emporium. He was born here and spent all of his life here, including the Occupation. Cheret, like many small-town Frenchmen, takes some time to thaw out. After all, people who ask questions might be tax collectors.

Cheret is a well-to-do French "self-made-man" and justly proud of it. He loves his town, his family, his friends, and his business. Business is good. And he cannot understand why some people say these are "bad times." He has rarely seen better, except perhaps before the

per cent of those who voted Communist would fight the Russians tooth and nail if France were ever invaded. Basically Frenchmen love liberty; they are too individualistic to swallow totalitarianism, too wise to be deceived by the poisonous will-o'-the-wisp of Communism.

IT is lunch time, and the market place is emptying. A few tradesmen stand around arguing about trivialities or gossiping about the morning. Traffic along Main Street is just about getting out of hand, for the street is a narrow bottleneck and is part of the main highway. Two of Meaux's handful of policemen are directing traffic.

The town itself is beginning to close up, however. Every shop on Main Street shuts its door for two or three hours except the cafés, restaurants, bars, and *tabacs*.

Those who can't go home for lunch or afford one of the two higher priced restaurants go to the kind of modest res-

and loves him, but it took me hours to learn his name: Révérend Père Paul Poinot. He is simply Monsieur le Curé, to all of Meaux.

The beloved Father and archpriest is seventy-seven years old. He was ordained right here fifty-two years ago. Meaux is the see of Monsignor Georges Debray, Bishop of Meaux, but Monsieur le Curé looks after the parish of the Cathedral of Saint Etienne.

Monsieur le Curé is at the heart of an episcopal center that is the envy of all France—for it includes such treasures as the Cathedral itself, the *Ancien Eveché* (Bishopric or Bishop's Palace, twelfth century), the *Vieux Chapitre* (Old Chapterhouse, former residence of the canons, twelfth century) and the beautiful garden, with its Bossuet museum.

Monsieur le Curé, a bit troubled by rheumatism but active as ever, looks after his flock with the assiduousness of Bishop Bossuet who, despite his manifold activities, always supervised cate-

chisms, heard confessions, preached often in the Cathedral, and directed the religious communities of his diocese.

Father Poinot, with a face out of a Rembrandt portrait, has alert, merry, Dresden-blue eyes. He impresses at once as a rock of inner strength, though his hands are gnarled with age.

He had a workingman's parish in nearby Montereaux for sixteen years, served in the First World War, and has been at Meaux since 1936. There are 5,500 souls in his parish, which is one of the three into which Meaux is divided.

Monsieur le Curé loves his Cathedral, that magnificent Gothic edifice started in the twelfth century, and worked on, reconstructed, and restored in almost every century thereafter. The Ministry of Fine Arts is helping now to repair it.

NO detail escapes Monsieur le Curé: his church bulletin board even has a chart rating all of France's comic books, some published by Catholic firms, but others, like *Cow-Boys*, *Texas Bill*, and *Cassidy*, disapproved for their violence or frivolity.

He hears confessions, visits the sick, officiates at marriages and first communions. His parish has a young girl's friendly society, with its own study circles, evening courses, cinema club, library, magazines, welfare fund, vacation plan, and excursion parties.

Meaux is a peaceful town, Monsieur le Curé concludes. "You've surely seen that." Of the war years, he shook his head sadly, "There was no Resistance

movement to the Nazis in our town—only in the suburbs."

On the night of August 27, 1944, Monsieur le Curé walked down the broad steps of his Cathedral and stood, alone, in the square, to welcome the liberating American troops. The Nazis had cleared out that afternoon, leaving behind empty streets and terrified inhabitants.

"My heart went out with thankfulness when the Americans arrived," he says. "We rejoiced." The square before the Cathedral, where Monsieur le Curé welcomed the troops, is now named Place de la Liberation.

Just off Main Street is a little carpenter's shop two hundred years old, where forty-eight-year-old Lucien Lapeur works. A short, gray, compact little man who holds himself almost arrogantly erect, Lucien smokes cigarettes which keep going out each time he relights them—directly under a huge sign in the shop labeled, "No smoking."

Lucien will not say he is a Communist, but he talks very much like one: "Down with war . . . I'm against the dirty war in Indo-China. . . . I don't like all this mad rearming—there's no money left for peaceful industries. . . . There's a lot of unemployment here [I hadn't found much, myself.] . . . Our boss never works, I haven't seen him in months. . . ." We don't get very far talking to Lucien.

HARDEST of all to catch up with in Meaux is the Mayor.

Mayor Paul Barennes is a bulky, blue-eyed, graying, well-dressed mathematics

professor from the local *lycée*. He is a hero of the Resistance—but from another town—who wears the ribbon of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. A Catholic, he is forty-nine, married, and has one daughter.

Politically, the Mayor is an independent. His municipal slate won 107,881 votes during the last election. The Communists ran a poor second with 42,018, Socialists third with 14,320, and other parties totaled 19,748.

The Mayor is a big man in every small town of France. He is, first of all, a civil servant who keeps the records of births, deaths, marriages, and divorces. He is also a chief of police who helps maintain law and order, and he keeps streets and highways safe and watches out for the public health.

He must enforce regulations laid down from Paris, but he also carries out local projects for the economic well-being of the town. He has to be an astute politician because he can't very well function without the support of his municipal council. And his salary for all this is something in the neighborhood of \$300 per year.

MEAUX, I find, is more advanced than most French towns—it has a good running-water supply, gas system, sewers, a municipal slaughterhouse, a library, and a fire-fighting brigade.

Even in modern Paris, houses are, on the average, seventy years old, and running water exists in only one township of France out of four. In Meaux, there are still plenty of public water spigots where townsfolk go out to fetch their water in a pail.

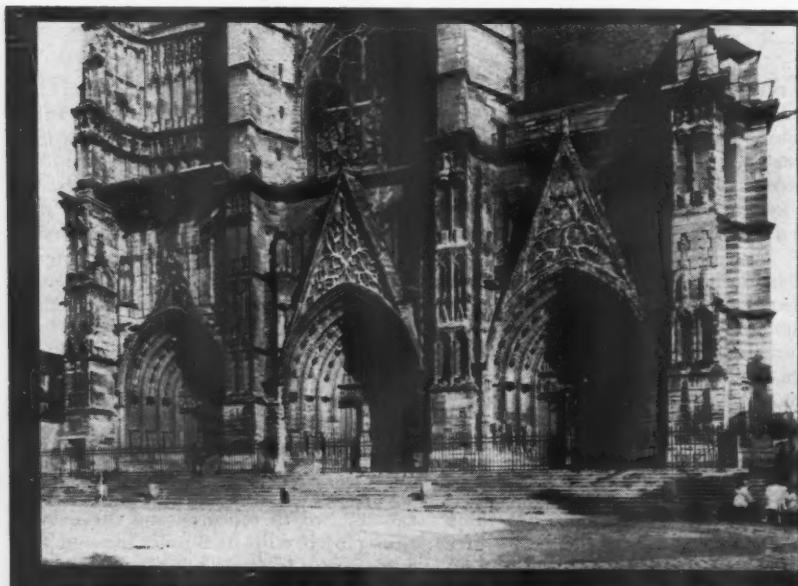
Central heating and running water, to say nothing of refrigerators, television, cars, tractors, or deep freezers—which are taken for granted by American farmers—are undreamed-of luxuries to the farmers and townsfolk around Meaux. "Refrigerator?" huffed one housewife, "you have to be a millionaire to own one here."

Only 46 per cent of the country's houses have gas, 69 per cent have electricity, and 41 per cent have a private toilet. Few have central heating.

The Mayor of a small town is more than just the man who wears a tricolored sash, the symbol of his office, at official ceremonies. On market day, for instance, apart from being a customer, he might be besieged by townsfolk complaining of taxes, applying for an increase in their pensions, or requesting help in some charitable enterprise.

M. Barennes has to see that the town hall, the squares, the schools, and the markets are kept clean. He has to appoint the town clerks, the workmen who fill in the holes in the cobbled streets,

(Continued on page 77)



Façade of the Cathedral of Meaux. The magnificent cathedral was begun in the twelfth century and restored in every century since

Monument Historiques photo



Must they be good because people love them and love to sing them? Not on your life!

Sung any good hymns lately?

Maybe you like to sing hymns and to listen to them.
Maybe you think they and you are pretty good. And
maybe you're wrong. Some of them are awful!

by **PAUL HUME**

ILLUSTRATED BY **FRANK EVERS**

SHALL we declare a ten-minute moratorium in the day's occupation to talk about hymns?

Some years ago I wrote a newspaper piece on Church music which was reprinted by an esteemed journal of the liturgy. But in reproducing it, the journal offered the information and/or warning to its readers that my overemphasis on the importance of hymns was the result of a Protestant background. I've got news for you, *Caecilia*. My concern with hymns is the fact that people sing them. In church, too! Some of them are wonderful. Some of them are awful.

Before passing the third paragraph, let me be specific about these "bad" hymns, thus avoiding a flub I once made while talking to a conclave of the Catholic

Broadcasters of America. For one solid hour I had exhorted the Broadcasters not to give a false idea of Catholic Church music by using inferior, slushy hymns on their programs. At a break in the session, a friendly cleric said to me, "You're so right about those slushy hymns! I'm going to make a change in our theme music. What would you think of 'In a Monastery Garden'?" Nothing like making one's point clear as a bell during sixty minutes of talk.

By the grace of God a discussion period was then announced so that I could grab the floor for an additional thirty seconds to add the after-thought that when I spoke of bad hymns I meant such items as "Mother Dear, O Pray For Me," "Like a Strong and Raging Fire," "Mother at thy Feet is Kneeling,"

"Jesus, My Lord, my God, my All," "O Mary Conceived Without Sin," "O Mary We Crown Thee with Blossoms Today," the more recent "We Love the Family Rosary," and others of this ilk.

Why are they bad hymns?

Because they are not good music. Let's come back to that a few hundred words from now. There is a point which I would like to get off my mind immediately, since it inevitably comes up whenever and wherever this subject is discussed in public. I quote it in composite agglomeration: What right have you to say that "O Mary Conceived without Sin," or "O What could my Jesus Do More," or "Oh Mother I could Weep for Mirth," aren't good hymns, when so many people love them and love to sing them? After all, if they arouse devotion, then they are pleasing to God, and whether they're good or bad music is a matter of personal taste anyway.

This is a common and well-inten-

PAUL HUME is music critic for the *Washington Post*. He achieved national prominence with his frank criticism of Margaret Truman's singing.

tioned misconception. It springs from the even more widespread misconception that there is no such thing as objectively good or bad music. One man's Stravinsky is another man's strychnine, and anyone has the right to love or loathe any piece of music he chooses.

But there is an irreducible minimum, often purely on the basis of construction, beyond which a piece of music cannot fall and still be taken seriously. People often deny this because they don't understand it. But a trained musician can look at a piece of music on paper, having never heard a note of it, and tell you whether it is good, bad, indifferent, or merely impossible. Peculiar? No more peculiar than the fact that a trained biologist can turn his microscope on a mess of cells, completely unintelligible to such as I, and call them off, basement membrane for basement membrane. Bad music is like sin. Denying its existence doesn't really help. There is such a thing as bad music. It is infinitely regrettable that so much of it was written for use in church.

Now no one in his right mind could deny that God is pleased by expressions of devotion, no matter how imperfect they may be. But to argue that this justifies the use of poor music "because it makes people feel good" is to misunderstand the role of music in the service of the Church. Blessed Pius X, as usual, puts it better than anyone else. "Sacred music," he wrote in the *Motu Proprio*, "should consequently possess, in the highest degree . . . sanctity and goodness of form, which will spontaneously produce the final quality of universality. It must be holy . . . and it must be true art, for otherwise it will be impossible for it to exercise on the minds of those who listen to it that efficacy which the Church aims at obtaining in admitting into her liturgy the art of musical sounds."

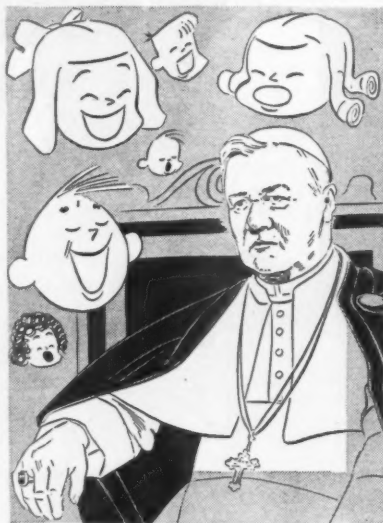
AFTER quoting Pius X in this connection, I am frequently told: "Oh, but he's talking about the liturgy, and you're talking about hymns, and hymns are used at non-liturgical services like novenas and May processions and Sunday night Benediction, so the *Motu Proprio* doesn't apply."

This bit of "free interpretation" must have been adopted the day after the encyclical was published, because a special decree had to be issued clearing it up. "We wish to correct the idea current among some people," the appropriate Cardinal wrote, "that at non-liturgical functions, or extra-liturgical functions, a style of music may be rendered which has been condemned for use at liturgical functions. Music of this character is condemned for use in church for any and every occasion. Nobility and serious-

ness of style must characterize all music to be performed in holy places . . ."

Let's take a look at our list, now, and see what all the fuss is really about. To do that we have to go back to dear old Music Appreciation 1-2 (alternate Thursdays) and ruminate on the fact that music has in it three elements: melody, harmony, and rhythm.

Take melody: too much leaping about, too many wide, swoop-making



Blessed Pius X wrote norms of sacred music: it must be holy and it must be true art

intervals, make a hymn melody not only unbeautiful but also tricky to sing. You're never quite sure where the next note is coming from. Hum over "Bring Flowers of the Fairest, Bring Flowers of the Rarest" or "To Jesus' Heart All Burning" and you'll get the idea.

It is characteristic of great hymns that they maintain the unity of the scale—i.e. they move chiefly in stepwise progression. The greatest examples of this are the chant melodies to such hymns as "Adoro Te, Devote," "Pange, Lingua," and "Salve Mater Misericordiae." Some people recoil from the mere mention of chant. Their antipathy usually boils down to the fact that the only chant they have ever heard is a rousing rendition of Mass Eight, sung by a choir with a wobbly soprano and bleating bass. It is easy enough to say, "The chant hymns are among the most beautiful music in the world—aesthetically as well as liturgically." Not until you have actually heard and sung those perfectly shaped, exquisitely simple phrases will you really know why. Mozart once said that he would have given every composition

he had ever written to compose the scale—just the scale!—of Gregorian Mode III. Look up the Mode III setting of *Pange, Lingua*, and you'll see what he meant.

Even more important is the question of harmony. Most unacceptable hymns suffer from too much of what we call "chromatic progression." Example is more effective than words in explaining a term like "chromatic progression." You want to hear chromatic progression rampant? Listen to a barbershop quartet singing "Sweet Adeline." The chromatic scale is the bulwark on which Barbershop is built. Harmony which is identified so completely with this type of sentimental song-making just doesn't belong in sacred music. "Secular connotation" is the official way of putting it. Another way of putting it is this: I'm never happier than I am when wearing my old khaki trousers and slightly faded tropical print shirt while puttering around the sandbox with the small ones; but I don't think I'd wear these precise clothes to a White House reception (assuming I'm ever asked to one again).

THIS problem of hymn harmony is often one of simple chronology. Many of the hymns which are most popular today were written during an era which in the secular field produced "She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage," "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and "The Vacant Chair" (both actually used as hymn-settings), "My Mother was a Lady," and "The Bird on Nellie's Hat." Beatrice Kay has grown rich by reviving these quaint old novelties which we think of as "Gay '90 Songs." Why pay money for Beatrice Kay records when you can hear the identical species—same harmony, same melodic line, same bouncy-waltzy rhythm—down at Novena this Friday night.

Outlawing the average "Hymn Card" from polite liturgical society is all very well, but what do we use instead? Where does an organist who is not a thoroughly trained musician—and few parish organists are—look for better material? A Washington jewelry store quite reasonably advertises, "If you don't know diamonds, know your jeweler!" It works in other businesses too. If you don't know good hymns, know your hymnal. Unfortunately too many organists operate out of hymnals which are printed monuments to what Church music should not be. Take St. Basil's—on second thought, don't take St. Basil's. Gather up all the copies of St. Basil's (just reprinted) you have and donate them to the used paper drive. If the publishers of this little horror want to sue me, they will have to sue me jointly with the St. Gregory Society

of America, whose "Whitelist" (also just reprinted) specifically blackballs it, along with other items such as "The Catholic Choir Book," "The Chapel Hymn Book," "Peter's Sodality Hymn Book," and one called "Wreath of Mary."

St. Gregory's is one of the most popular hymnals, and used with discretion it can be adequate to most parish needs. It suffers largely from poor harmonization and from the inclusion of a few too many less-than-great hymns written by its editor.

Using nothing but St. Gregory's, however, one can easily come up with a good hymn for every occasion. Rosary or Miraculous Medal novena? One could hardly address the Blessed Mother more fittingly than with the *Concordi Laetitia* (197) or *Salve Mater Misericordiae* (209). Numerals refer to hymn numbers in St. Gregory's, 1920 edition. In English, the popular "Hail, Holy Queen Enthroned Above" (83) and "O Most Holy One" (88) are good hymns.

Holy Hour and Benediction require a number of hymns appropriate to the Blessed Sacrament, for example the chant *Adoro Te Devote*, and the necessary last two verses of the *Pange Lingua*, *Tantum Ergo*. One of the most beautiful hymns of all is available in St. Gregory's—*O Esca Viatorum* (228-a). This is a fifteenth century melody harmonized by no less an arranger than J. S. Bach. There is an excellent *O Salutaris Hostia* by Webbe (226-a) which will be most effective if you simply ignore the "hold" marks which have been put over the last word of each line in the poem. More? Look up the "Hail, True Body," by Kloss (51) and the wonderful M. Haydn "All Glory, Laud, and Honor," (26), "O God of Loveliness" (38), and the Hassler-Bach "O Sacred Head Surrounded," (22), one of the most perfect hymns ever written.

SOME congregations are scared away from chant melodies by the necessity of singing in Latin. This is not the place to discuss either the tragedy of the decline of Latin in our education system or the growing interest in the vernacular movement in this country. Just remember that English singing is permitted at all functions except the celebration of High Mass, when one doesn't sing hymns anyway, and processions of the Blessed Sacrament.

Within the past few months, Catholic choir directors have been blessed with a publication which should, if given the chance, remove forever the guesswork from hymn-singing. Can you imagine a hymnal in which every single entry is completely acceptable on all grounds, musical and liturgical? I am not in the

pay of the publisher when I urge every organist in the country to rush out and buy the new *Pius X Hymnal*, edited by the staff of Pius X School of Liturgical Music of Manhattanville College. This is a great collection—from the earliest Ambrosian chant to music written as late as 1952.

It is as inevitable as death that no matter what is done to promote a change-of-hymn policy, you will meet with opposition from some members of the parish. There are people who have been singing "Good Night, Sweet Jesus!" every Sunday night for fifty years and loving every quaver of it. There's no point in sitting them down and saying, "Here, you, sing this plainchant vesper service!" With our present middle-aged groups we can only follow the advice which the judge gave the prisoner just sentenced to ninety-nine years on each of four counts. "But your honor," he said, "how can I serve four sentences of ninety-nine years each?" "Well," said the judge tolerantly, "just do the best you can!"



The barbershop quartet harmony. Some hymns are like that. They don't belong in sacred music

The real hope of Church music lies in the Catholic schools, and in this province you can and should make your influence felt. What kind of music is your child learning to sing? Don't assume, because the school is good and the Sisters hep to Gesell, that all is automatically well with the music. *Non sequitur*. A parish I know and love above all others has one of the finest schools in the city, staffed by one of the best teaching orders of nuns in the whole Church. The eight-thirty mass on first Fridays is a revelation!

I kept score one day. Of eight hymns sung, six were in a bouncy waltz rhythm which the kiddies, bless 'em, made no attempt to disguise. One—oddly enough the only Latin hymn sung—was an incredible setting of the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*. It could just as easily have been the second act finale of a third-rate Italian opera. Many a soprano-contralto team has brought the house down with exactly those ascending thirds in dotted eighth notes.

WHY does this sort of thing happen in Catholic schools? It's the same old story every time. No one gives what he hasn't got. No one can or should be expected to train children in sacred music without a little specialist training. Perhaps the Superior of your school does not know how easily available such training is and how little technical background is required to assimilate it. Most large Catholic universities have music courses during their summer sessions designed especially for teaching sisters to teach sacred music. The Gregorian Institute this summer held one hundred one-to-four-week sessions, spread across the country from Oregon to Florida, to fill exactly this need. There are also well-organized classroom "method" textbooks (the Ward method and several others), presented in such a way that they can be taught well by someone with a rudimentary knowledge of music. Children love the music they grow up with. If every Catholic school refurbished its music teaching as of this semester, within twenty years the problems of today would be historical curiosities.

Do I hear a voice somewhere muttering: "Oh, you converts make me sick! You got one foot in the door and right away you start complaining and trying to change things!" It is true that converts *do* have that reputation and perhaps some of it is justified. This makes me particularly glad to have on hand something that was once said by an old born and raised Catholic. It probably sums it up as well as anything could: "We consider it our first duty to raise our voice at once in reproof and condemnation of all that is seen to be out of harmony with the right rule above indicated [on proper Church music] in the functions of public worship . . . It is vain to hope that the blessing of heaven will descend abundantly upon us when our homage to the Most High, instead of ascending in the odor of sweetness, puts into the hand of the Lord the scourges wherewith of old the Divine Redeemer drove the unworthy profaners from the Temple."

Pretty strong language for a man who's just been beatified!

by **LESLIE GORDON BARNARD**

Anything you want

Until tonight, Joe had tried to keep his promise to Lil. But, once too often, an ex-convict had been rejected by the world outside

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR OLSON

THIS could be Lil's story. Maybe it is, more than mine. Lil is the girl with the rusty-gold hair who never missed a visiting day. Lil is the girl who met me at the gate when I came out.

It's not so easy coming out after doing a stretch. I tried to be casual. I lit a cigarette. I said, "Hi, there, kid!" and kissed her, and the way her arms clung to me broke me wide open. Britt was there with his car, too, but the way Lil stiffened I knew it was no dice. I gave Britt the nod and he understood. Britt was one guy Lil could do without. With me heading clear away from the old life and the old haunts, that left him out of the count. So I bought Lil a taxi to the room she'd rented in a third rate walk-up. When the door was closed she put her arms about me again, and I could feel her shaking.

"Take it easy, kid," I said, "everything's going to work out fine now."

"I don't care how small we start, Joe, so as it's honest."

I told her we'd start by getting married, if she was still crazy enough to gamble on a guy like me.

"Isn't that what I've been waiting for?" Lil said.

"Yeah," I nodded.

It was kind of a big moment, getting married to Lil. No fuss and flowers except a few roses I'd bought her to pin on. Our honeymoon ran to eight or ten hours at the end of a busline. Lil brought a basket of food and we got over a fence and went through a field and found trees and a bit of a stream. We talked, after a time. All we were going to do. Blowing things up big and bright as a kid's balloon, the way people do.

Coming back on the bus with her hair wind-caught against my shoulder I figured I was one lucky guy.

"Anything you want, kid," I told

her, "just name it. You just name it."

Funny how you forget! The one big thing Lil wanted was for me to stay away from the old place and not to have anything to do with Britt again. I knew that, but somehow I felt I had to go see Britt. I found him down in Halliday's Poolroom.

"Sorry to give you the brush-off at the gate," I told him, and he said to think nothing of it. How was Lil, he asked me, both of us knowing that was double-talk. I said Lil was fine, just fine, and he said, blinking through the smoke at me, "You know, Joe, I kind of counted on you and me working things together when you got out." So I had to remind him I was off anything like that now. "Sure, sure," Britt nodded, and his eyes followed me as I walked out. I looked back and he gave me a kind of a grin and a nod.

When I got to our room, Lil said, "So you've been to see him?"

"How'd you know that?" I asked.

"It wasn't hard to guess."

"So what?" I said. "A friend's a friend."

"He's no friend of yours," Lil said.

That was when she told me Britt had tried to make out with her while I was out of circulation.

"He was just kidding," I told her, and Lil said, "That's what you think."

"Look, kid," I said, "for you Britt's so much water over the dam. For me he's a guy who'd still do things for me if he could."

We let it go at that. I was crazy about Lil and she was crazy about me. So let's forget Britt, time being anyway. Until I'd made my comeback. Until I could show Britt it worked.

It wasn't easy, making a comeback. I guess it never is. A few good people help, but after a try or two you're on your own. It's got to be that way. You tell the truth and they look sad

and say they're sorry; you don't tell them, and it leaks out. With me it was like that. A job here and a job there.

"You got to be patient, Joe," Lil kept on saying.

"Oh, sure," I'd agree, and I'd look at her with her rusty-gold hair and her thin face and a smile she wouldn't let wear off, and I'd curse myself for getting nowhere fast.

Then she thought up this big new idea that we get away, a long distance off, where we could start all square and clear. It sounded sweet enough. We even got hold of maps and studied population figures and that sort of thing, blowing up some more bright balloons.

"If we can just manage to save a little," Lil pointed out.

I WAS working then at Polson's Fish market, and I said, "Maybe I'll touch the boss for a raise one of these days," and the very next day old Polson took the play away. I went home.

Lil said anxiously. "What is it, Joe?"

I told her. "A week's pay on a platter and the big boot. How do you suppose they get that way?"

When I reached for my hat she said, "Joe, where you going?"

"For a walk. I can't think in this lousy room." You talk like that and all the time you're so much in love it twists you inside. I looked and saw all the little things she'd fixed to try and make the room look kind of homelike. And still I slammed out.

In Halliday's Poolroom Britt hung up his cue and came to talk with me, and I told him, "Britt, I got to have money. I've got to get Lil out of this damned town."

"Like that, eh?" Britt nodded. He put a hand on my shoulder and said,



*After a time we talked of
all we were going to do*

"Now let me think." And then he came up with his idea. Did I remember Katz, the fence? "Well," Britt said, "they sent him up for enough years to keep him out of circulation a long time. A little Jew took over his business, and a guy can't get to first base with him. I've tried, and what he told me!" Britt grieved, and spat on the floor just under the sign that said not to.

"WELL" Britt said, "our honest pawnbroker is also a big fool, Joe. I'm telling you. Know what he does? Every Saturday night he lugs home all the money out of his safe under his arm in a newspaper parcel, thinking nobody'd be wise to an ordinary cheap looking parcel like that. Easy money, Joe, if ever there was. It's a natural for you, Joe, and no skin off my nose, because it wouldn't do for any of us punks living round here to pull it, see?" He added a detail or two and cocked an eye at me. "Well, what's the matter with it?"

I made a smile for him. I said, "I've just thought of something. Remember me, Britt? I'm the guy who's going straight."

Britt matched my smile.

"Yeah. Yeah, I seem to remember," he said. "Well, there it is if you want it. A few minutes work—and you're on the train with Lil. You can tell her afterward, if you like, it's a gift from me and she ought to think better of me than she does."

A thing like that nags at a guy. Days it would sit there mocking me, giving me the come-on; nights it wouldn't let me sleep. Why not, I'd get to asking myself. Just this last time. A few minutes work, and you're on the train with Lil. It's a natural. What can you lose?

I knew Lil was watching me. I knew she was worried. He eyes said, "Please, Joe, please," but she'd got past talking out in words. It was up to me now. She'd done her best. She'd sure done her best. But Saturday night, when I left, she started crying. It wasn't often Lil cried, and I stood outside the door of our two-bit room listening, wanting to go back and not going. When I reached the street it was foggy and snowing, a mean sort of night. I walked to the bus stop, hands punched into the pockets of my mackintosh that I'd got from a shop near skid row. I kept telling myself I was doing this for Lil. A last

job—for Lil, for our freedom. I told myself this burg owed me more than a ticket up the river.

All the way on the bus I kept thinking of Lil, remembering things—like our honeymoon lunch at the end of the line, like her hair blowing against my shoulder. A thing like that chokes a guy up. There were girls on the bus but, for me, they all had Lil's face. It was like two things tugging me apart. You'd think anybody but a heel would have turned back. Okay, I'm not asking anyone to think good of me. I kept on going.

At Halliday's Poolroom there was a parcel for me. I shed the outer carton in a dark laneway and pocketed the gun. I walked along two blocks and turned down, until I came opposite Katz' old place. I waited. After a time the lights went off, all except one. A character stepped out, carefully saw the door was locked, and started off down the street. He was carrying a newspaper parcel. I began to tail the bent-backed little Jew. Once he stopped and glanced back and I made it in a doorway. He went on, and I followed. My stomach felt sick and cold. He turned a corner and I thought I'd lost him. I hurried through the fog and snow and rounded the corner. There wasn't any sign of him.

I walked on slowly, and there was a patch of light ahead. It came from a hole-in-the-wall snack-bar. A counter-and-five-stools joint. Nobody was in but a yawning counterman—and the little Jew. I could see clearly through the window. The Jew was sitting on a stool, ordering up coffee, and on the stool beside him he had set his newspaper parcel. I stood there watching, feeling queer again in my stomach.

It was like two voices in me. It was like I heard Britt saying, "Don't lose your guts now, you fool. Easy money—and you're on the train." And Lil's voice saying, "So long as it's honest, Joe." I lit a cigarette, my fingers shaking. I felt the gun in my pocket. I started toward the door.

Nobody seemed to notice me coming in. The Jew didn't look up; the counterman had his back turned. I slid on to the third stool, and my eyes went to the newspaper parcel parked on the one between me and the pawnbroker. I reached out and my fingers touched it. There was a wall-calendar with a girl on it; she had rusty-gold hair, like Lil's. For me it was Lil, and I was saying to her that bit about anything you want, kid, just name it. I reached further then, and prodded the Jew's arm.

"Mister," I heard myself saying, "I

wouldn't leave that parcel laying around was I you. I wouldn't even carry it like that. Somebody's like to slug you one of these dark nights. Somebody's tipping off people what you have in it," I told him.

The little Jew slewed around on his stool. One look at his face and it was easy to see he was no fence; you could tell why a guy like Britt wouldn't get to first base with him. A little bent-backed, gentle old man, he looked at me through his spectacles and then over them.

"Thank you, my friend," he said, "for the advice." He kept right on looking hard at me, and then he said, "Were you the one who followed me tonight?" I knew then he knew, but he kept on smiling and before the counterman could say, "What's yours, Buddy?" I was telling him the whole thing—about Lil, about myself; not about Britt.

THE little Jew scrubbed a hand under his chin.

"It is my business to lend money," he said, "and I should be very happy to advance whatever you need."

My thought flashed to Britt; he should hear of this; here was a slant, an angle, to push at Britt. But I said, "Look, mister, that's swell, but I got no security—"

His face lit up in a smile. "Haven't you given me that?" he asked. "So please consider it arranged."

Well, there you had it. I sat there feeling tight and choked, thinking of Lil when I would bring her the news.

But the little Jew was talking again. "You know," he said, "every Saturday night I come here for coffee—with my parcel. My friend here," he gave the counterman a nod "is very obliging. You see," he said, beginning to open the parcel, "somebody must have been pulling your leg, son. Or is it just possible someone had a grudge against you or your wife and wanted you to—" And his voice trailed off. He shook his head. He spread his hands.

As for me, I sat there thinking of Britt, and I knew suddenly how right Lil was. I thought of Lil waiting for me in our two-bit room. I felt the gun in my pocket and I broke out all over in a sweat.

"My God!" I said.

The old man looked up, sharp and sudden.

"Maybe," he said, "you should thank Him. And your wife, yes? It would have been too bad, wouldn't it—just too bad?"

Then we both stared down again at the parcel. Three thick cheese sandwiches. Two squares of apple-strudel. And one large dill pickle.

A CAROL OF STARS

AND SNOW

by SISTER MARY OF THE VISITATION



*Only the peaceful stars, the quiet snow
Saw Them alight and enter. Only the stars
Can still recall a wondrous Fact they know
From watching at the stable window-bars.*

*In a white silence, gently for her sake,
Lest any see and follow where she went,
Hiding her steps the snow fell, flake on flake,
In pity of her, weary and forespent.*

*Be happy snow! Rejoice through all the skies,
Bright stars, that kindly followed as They came;
Show once again to our enraptured eyes
This Whiteness, this imperishable Flame.*

*Mother of peace, enclothe us, soul and mind,
With joy more radiant than their fires, more pure
Than their white, silent prayer, that we may find
Love in this little lowly place obscure.*

My Search for Faith

by **LORD PAKENHAM**

"Go to your regimental chaplain or the nearest priest. This is no time for a soldier to delay." So wrote an English novelist to an English lord. The lord tells why

"FAITH," says a contemporary spiritual writer, "is an integral surrender of self to God, of such a kind that apart from grace it would not be possible or perhaps even imaginable."

In the course of many religious conversions, including those of a number of my close friends who have come into the Church since my own conversion, there usually arrives a moment or an event which is afterward regarded as decisive.

St. Augustine heard in the garden a voice telling him to "pick up and read." He opened his Bible at Chapter thirteen of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans: "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh." "No further," he tells us, "would I read. Nor needed I, for instantly at the end of this sentence, by a light as it were of serenity infused into my heart, all the darkness of doubt vanished away."

The message that reached me had not quite the same character, but it had the same effect. My conversion came at the end of a long, slow, and painful journey from the simple, unquestioning faith of childhood, through the quiet but very real torment of an almost agnostic youth, to the gradual realization of mature faith during World War II. I didn't "get religion" in a moment of inspiration. I studied it, worked at it, prayed for it, and

gradually it was given to me—the full, rich faith of the Christian.

I was reared a Protestant, part of the time in Ireland where my father owned a considerable estate, and part of the time in England where we also had a house and where I went to school. In England I cannot remember encountering any Catholic influences as a boy. I realize now that the same was not quite so true of our life in Ireland.

By chance our closest neighbors in County Westmeath, Ireland, and the children I played with were nearly all Catholics. My mother's closest friend, a Miss Teresa Dease, who accompanied us on all expeditions, was an immensely devout lady dedicated to a special "vocation in the world."

All this, however, must be supposed to have been tucked away very deep in my subconscious. I learned to say my prayers night and morning at my mother's knee, and went regularly on Sundays to a Protestant Church, without the thought ever crossing my child-like mind that there might be either an agnostic or Catholic alternative.

Later, when I went to Eton, I was about as religious as the average boy. Some curious inhibition continued to prevent me from questioning the inner citadel of my childhood religion with too close a scrutiny.

During my years as an undergraduate, I cannot remember going to church on a single occasion, although I may have occasionally attended the Chapel at New College, Oxford, as an



Lord Pakenham as Minister of Civil Aviation

alternative to roll-call. But at the end of my first year I was pulled up short by an attack of deep depression.

It seemed to date from an operation, completely successful and not dangerous. Three weeks in bed followed, and when I returned for the remainder of the term all joy seemed inexplicably removed from life. The depression was not continuous and was not at first associated with any religious weakening. But one day early in the long vacation, when I was playing tennis, the possibility suddenly dawned on me in full awfulness: "Suppose there is not an afterlife after all? Suppose there is no such Person as God? Suppose there is no one and nothing there at all?"

I WAS overwhelmed; I was temporarily shattered; I had to do something. What I did was not, it seems to me, unworthy, but it was not what I would recommend to a young man or woman today. I told no one of my distress, partly out of desire to spare my family, partly out of shame and horror at my own evil mentality. I cast away my racket, went indoors and prayed for faith and, failing faith, for strength. Nothing seemed to happen. I decided that the one antidote was work. I had been slacking for years and was in any case ripe for a real effort if any success were to come my way at Oxford.

For the next thirteen years my religious life continued in a state of suspense. I said my prayers twice a day and did a certain amount of desultory reading. I continued to call myself a Christian and, when called upon, rather defiantly defended Christianity against all comers, often on shaky premises.

In the spring of 1938, that is, at the beginning of the summer term at Oxford, I suddenly grew desperate. I had recently returned from a short motor-holiday in France, where I had brooded impotently and anxiously.

I had not been back in Oxford long when I felt overpoweringly that the years of evasion must be ended if complete collapse were to be avoided. Politically, I was active and happy and untroubled in the Labor Party. I liked my job, was rich in friends, and I had no family worries of any kind.

And yet the very possession of all these advantages only increased my sense of emptiness. I was not at that time an ambitious man. There was nothing I wanted, nothing more I could obtain by exceptional endeavor. I had nothing to fear, but equally nothing to hope for, so long as all that mattered most was missing or confused or deliberately repressed.

From my college rooms you could throw a stone to Campion Hall, the Jesuit College, on Brewer Street. But

the decision to make that little journey must rank as the greatest in my life. One evening I walked along the little back street. I rang the bell, asked to see the Master, Father Martin D'Arcy, and fortunately found him at home. Within half an hour he knew all, and no doubt more than all, that I thought worth telling him about myself.

Many times more did I see him. Many books, mostly at his suggestion, did I read. Few converts not professionally connected with theology can have read more in a comparable time. Henceforth on Sundays I regularly attended the Greyfriars Franciscan Church near our house in Cowley.

I can hardly express what I owe to

close to the Church. After spending eighteen months on the arguments for and against Catholicism, I had reached the conclusion that the overwhelming advantage lay on the Catholic side.

The three great questions for me were these: Does God exist? Was Our Lord divine? Is the Catholic Church His Church? I soon had little doubt that if I could satisfy myself on the first two counts I should have no hesitation about the third.

Yes, I said to myself, if Our Lord founded any Church—this is it. But did He in fact found any Church? Did He do much or anything attributed to Him by the Gospels? Did He ever exist at all or is the whole Christian story a



Lord Pakenham and his family. Lady Pakenham is also a convert

Father D'Arcy for what he did for me then and later. But after eighteen months of these inquiries, I was still outside the Catholic Church. When the war came I had not even begun to be formally instructed. I wanted, I longed to be a Catholic. But I was held back, partly by a scholarly insistence on first convincing myself of the truth of every single item in the whole Catholic creed, partly by a lurking fear of the anticipated discipline and obedience, and also by a genuine humility about my credentials. The Church claimed to be a supernatural society. But if it was—and I was more and more inclined to think it was—to offer myself as a candidate with my limited faith and general poverty of spiritual make-up seemed, right up to the outbreak of war, not only dishonest but impertinent.

I hung fire, therefore, but I was very

gigantic myth, the greatest delusion in the history of the world?

After a few months I knew in outline the main arguments for and against the existence of God. But I soon saw that some of the deepest philosophical problems centering around God's existence—I mention only the problem of suffering—were not going to decide the issue one way or the other for me. If I could believe in the Son of the Gospels I could believe in the Father described there.

Again, miracles and the interruption of natural law would cause me no trouble once I could take the Gospel story at anything approaching its face value. The miracle of God becoming Man was so much greater a departure from anything conceivable in our present day routine that all else was a lesser wonder.

So back I came to what for me was the crucial question. Was Jesus God? And by that I do not mean that I became embedded in the more intricate aspects of theology. I cannot recall ever tackling the mystery of the Trinity at that time. I was engrossed in the simpler issue formulated thus: the Gospels say that Our Lord was God. Can we accept the broad account in the Gospels as true?

How many religious books I read during that period I have no idea. St. Augustine's *Confessions* was the first one recommended to me by Father D'Arcy. Arnold Lunn's controversy with J. B. S. Haldane removed my sneaking suspicion that in a real showdown

setting aside in the case of such a Man the only possible alternative of insanity, the claim must be accepted.

4. In that case, so must the rest of His theological teaching and the authority of the Church He established.

My studies had brought me a good long way, but I was still waiting, still shrinking a little, when the war swept us all off our feet.

I was now a Platoon Commander in the Army, plodding on with my religious reading, though now it had to compete with Clausewitz and Jomini and Liddell Hart on strategy. For recreation I would turn back to Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. One evening I was reading *War and Peace* in my hut when a letter from novelist Evelyn Waugh arrived. He had been erroneously informed that I had been received into the Church and he asked me to be godfather to his first son. I was touched but I had to write back and tell Evelyn that I was not yet a member of the Church, though I was very close.

"If you have studied so deeply," I recollect him as replying, "there is nothing to stop you asking for immediate reception. Discussion can become a pure luxury. Go to your regimental Chaplain or the nearest priest. This is no time (November, 1939) for a soldier to delay." And he pointed out that, if this was true in peacetime, it was doubly so in war for a Second Lieutenant in the Infantry.

I PONDERED his argument, which came with all the more force as I was expecting shortly to go overseas on active service. I seemed to forget the matter for a few days. Then I woke up one morning with my mind already made up. Is it right to say that grace had now descended on me? At any rate, reason had brought me to the limit of her province and the faith for which I had waited now stepped forward and carried me across the final stage.

Father D'Arcy was in America and there was no doubt in my mind to whom I should turn. I asked Father Wulstan, Father Guardian at the Greyfriars, the Franciscan Friary mentioned above, how long it would take to be instructed. He replied: "About four months, unless there is some special reason." I told him that in much less than four months I might well be sent abroad. He reflected for a moment and recalled that I had been coming regularly to his Church for eighteen months before the war and had discussed the Church at length with Father D'Arcy.

He picked up a penny Catechism and asked me simply: "Do you believe in God?" I hesitated for a moment. "Was I quite sure that I believed in God?"

"Yes," I said, "I believe in God," and from that moment my instruction was pushed rapidly forward.

I was never stationed far from Oxford, and as often as possible I used to slip over to Father Wulstan of an evening and go through the Catechism. I was usually tired. By the time I was received, though not, I would emphasize, when I applied for instruction, I was a pretty sick man.

In January, 1940, my company was ordered to the Isle of Wight. I obtained a night's leave and prepared to spend it at the Friary. In the evening I was received into the Church. "You're a Catholic now, Francis," said Father Wulstan, "and you have the best of all Catholic names." I made a full confession of the sins of my past life. Then we went in to supper and afterward joined the brethren for recreation. In the morning Father Wulstan called me in good time for seven o'clock Mass, but I was missing from my room and was not immediately discovered. The worst of all early risers, on this occasion I had surpassed expectations and was practicing the simple ritual with Brother Andrew. I have been late for many things in my life but not for my First Communion.

I looked out on a world already tortured, with far greater horrors obviously ahead of it. My own prospects were as bleak as my physical condition was low. But I never doubted, and by the grace of God, have never doubted since, that I had taken the right step. For the Catholic Church provides that peace and ultimate security which has so tragically escaped those in the world outside and must continue to escape them so long as they depend on themselves.

Lord Pakenham is a leader of the Labor Party in England. He is a peer and member of the House of Lords.

*In the Attlee government, he occupied successively the positions of Lord-in-Waiting, Under-Secretary for War, Minister for the British Zone of Germany, Minister of Civil Aviation, and First Lord of the Admiralty. On the fall of the Labor government in 1951, he returned to academic life at Oxford while continuing to speak from the Labor party front bench in the House of Lords. His autobiography, *Born to Believe*, was published this year.*

An earlier member of the family, Charles Reginald Pakenham, nephew of the Duke of Wellington, was also a convert. He became a Passionist and founded the Order in Ireland.



Lord Pakenham, aged twelve

there would be materialist questions the man of religion could not face. Grand-maison's great volumes on Our Lord did more than any other single work to give ultimate assurance that the Gospel life occurred.

In the end the conclusions I reached can be very briefly summarized in this way.

1. The Gospels were written in the first century by authors, some at least of whom had known Our Lord. He therefore lived and made the general impression described.

2. The Gospels themselves represent the highest ethical teachings known to us. (Even the bitterest critics seemed hardly to dispute them). Our Lord must therefore be regarded at the very least as a sublime and wonderful Man.

3. But He claims to be God, and,

In the Cabinet Hot Seat

A thick hide and a good heart are among the assets Ike's new Secretary of Labor brings to his job

by JOHN C. O'BRIEN



James P. Mitchell, newest member of the Eisenhower "team" *Harrie & Ewing*

WHEN President Eisenhower announced the appointment of James Paul Mitchell to the post of Secretary of Labor, a newsman asked what qualifications for the job the appointee possessed.

The President replied that Mitchell is a man of great character whose interest is in people and not merely in economic processes, a man who has had great experience in the whole field of labor. To this encomium a Presidential aide later contributed this postscript: "Besides his other qualifications, he has two more I think will help: a thick hide and a good heart."

With these appraisals there appears to be little or no dissent, either in the ranks of labor or management. For a man who has spent his adult life in the midst of controversy, Mitchell seems to have made no enemies.

Labor leaders, of course, professed dismay over the appointment, but only because, in their view, the new Secretary comes from the wrong side of the bargaining table. One American Federation of Labor official, Al Hayes, president of the Machinists' Union, went so far as to describe the appointment as "incredible," echoing the late Senator Robert A. Taft's comment on the ap-

pointment of Mitchell's predecessor, Martin P. Durkin, head of the AFL Plumbers' Union. To Hayes, the appointment was "incredible" because it went to a business man; to Taft, it was equally "incredible" that the earlier appointment had gone to a labor man.

But for Mitchell the man, labor leaders have no less respect and affection than his former employers in government and the management side of business. Many union officials joined former generals and admirals in wishing him well when he took the oath of office.

Typical of the esteem in which he is held by labor is the comment of Arthur Osman, president of the CIO Distributive, Processing, and Office Workers' Union, who has sat across the bargaining table with Mitchell in many labor disputes:

"If Eisenhower wants an employer to represent labor in his Cabinet, Mitchell is as nice a person as you could ask for. Mitchell knows his business, is an able person and a hard bargainer. He is an honest person and I think he honestly tries to see both sides of a problem. We have faith in his integrity."

Few labor leaders know the new Secretary as intimately as Richard L. Gray, president, and Joseph L. Keenan, sec-

retary-treasurer, of the AFL Building Trades Department, who served with him on the National Building Trades Stabilization Board during the Second World War. They agree with Osman that he is a "good, decent guy."

"He comes from our side of the tracks," Keenan explains. "He speaks our language. He's fair but a hard trader. He's a man of principle. That's all right with me: I can't get mad at a guy who stands by his principles. If we can't have a labor man, I would rather have Mitchell than anyone else."

Another labor leader who dealt with Mitchell on manpower problems during the war admires his directness:

"He always took the practical approach," this union official says. "If we were going to build some big ammunition depot and it was necessary to round up 5,000 skilled building tradesmen, you had to pay them to get them there. Jim would say, 'Sure, pay 'em, stabilization or no stabilization, there's a war on.' Some of the generals were very reluctant to do anything about labor standards, but he had full authority and he used it."

Even Walter Reuther, President of the CIO, who views management with the most jaundiced eye in organized labor,

could not bring himself to say an unkind thing about Mitchell. "Mr. Mitchell," he said, "enjoys a good reputation among the labor people who have dealt with him."

A host of Army officials—former secretaries and generals, for whom Mitchell performed most of his public service before his appointment to the Cabinet—affirmed their regard for his ability and integrity by repeatedly calling him to Washington to handle manpower and labor relations problems.

The new Secretary has the gift of inspiring trust in a first meeting. Keenan relates that his first visit with the Secretary, when he was trouble-shooter for the Army, lasted only a few minutes.

"When Mitchell left my office," Keenan says, "my secretary wheeled around and said to me, 'Boss, there's a man you can work with.' That's the kind of impression he makes on people right off the bat."

For a big man, standing six feet and weighing 205 pounds, Mitchell gives a surprising impression of alertness. He bounces out of his chair behind the big desk in the high, paneled Secretary's office to greet a visitor with outstretched hand, dancing blue eyes, and a friendly grin. His dark brown hair, touched with gray, is brushed back in a bristly pompadour. Although he has never played football, he has a football player's bulging shoulders. When he starts to speak, the visitor is startled to find so burly a man so soft-spoken.



Mitchell inspires trust, should get along well with industry and labor

Wide World

This man, so highly regarded in his own field of activity but so little known to the public—one newspaper account of his appointment referred to him as James Peter Mitchell—was born in Elizabeth, N. J. on November 12, 1900. His father, Peter J. Mitchell, editor of a funeral directors' trade journal, died while his son was still a schoolboy. His mother, Anna Driscoll Mitchell, now 74, is still living in Elizabeth.

Mitchell attended St. Patrick's parochial school and Battin High School, both in Elizabeth. Like other members of Eisenhower's "millionaire cabinet"—Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson went to work in his teens for eighteen cents an hour—Mitchell could not afford to go beyond high school.

He recalls that he used to run errands for a butter and egg store afternoons and Saturdays while still attending school. For this he was paid two dollars a week.

"I remember that that job paid very well," Mitchell says, "because one afternoon the boss gave me a dime and asked me to go to the corner drugstore and buy him some dental floss. I lost the dime and had to break one of the two dollar bills. It almost broke my heart."

AFTER graduating from high school, Mitchell got a fulltime job at fifteen dollars a week as a clerk in the same store. Within a year he was managing the business. About that time he decided he knew enough about the butter and egg business to strike out for himself. In 1919, he opened a store of his own in Rahway, N. J., and shortly after his marriage to Isabelle Nulton of Roselle Park, N. J., in 1921, he opened a second store in Elizabeth.

"I thought I was on the way to becoming the owner of a big chain of butter and eggs stores," Mitchell remembers. "But the soft period of the early twenties was setting in. I didn't have any capital and I discovered I didn't know as much about the business as I thought I did. The stores failed."

It was then, in 1923, that Mitchell first earned the right to be called by the President a man of character and by labor leaders "a man of principle." He might have taken refuge in bankruptcy but he decided he would pay off all his business debts no matter how long it might take.

"It took me eighteen years," Mitchell says. "I made the last payment in 1941."

After a year doing odd jobs in a lumber yard—checker, truck driver, and salesman—Mitchell got a position with the Western Electric Company in Kearny, N. J., as a "shop chaser," actually an expeditor. He says he thought there would be more security for his family in a job with a big corporation. After a few years, his superiors suggested

that he transfer to the personnel training department.

"I was very happy about that," Mitchell says, "because I had become interested in that kind of work."

It was while working for Western Electric Company that Mitchell was first drafted to perform a public service. When the depression came in 1931, he was lent by his company to Chester Barnard, New Jersey director of relief. For nearly five years Mitchell directed the relief and work program of Union County.

This led to a series of tours of duty as a public servant, culminating in his appointment to the Cabinet. Mitchell was barely resettled at Western Electric, after the relief work, when Lt. Col. Brehon Somervell, who had just become administrator of the Work Projects Administration in New York, heard about the young labor relations expert. At that time, in 1939, Somervell was having trouble with a Communist-dominated alliance of WPA workers, and he asked Western Electric if again they would give Mitchell leave to go to New York and help him out. That marked the beginning of a warm and enduring friendship between the two men.

So successfully did Mitchell, with tact and firmness, handle the strike-happy WPA workers that, when Somervell moved to Washington in 1941 to take charge of the Army's big construction program, he again sent an urgent call for his old WPA assistant.

WHEN the government embarked upon its program of ammunition depots, cantonments, and the like, the War Department's relations with the building trades could not have been more chaotic. Speed was the order of the day, but the building trades' contracts were loaded down with strong discouragements to overtime work—double time and so on—all designed to spread work during the depression. The Army and the Navy found it impossible to attract workers from the big cities to work on projects in remote areas, because an act of Congress prevented the payment of the higher wages prevailing in the big cities. The law said the armed services could pay only the rate prevailing in the locality where the work was being done, usually an area where building trades workers were scarce and pay low.

As director of industrial personnel for the War Department, numbering some 1,000,000 workers, and member of the National Building Trades Stabilization Board, Mitchell sat down with the build-

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ing trades union officials and negotiated a stabilization agreement that kept the building trades workers happily at work throughout the war without a strike.

"He worked so hard during that period that he got sick," recalls his friend Keenan, who worked with him on the negotiations.

WHILE handling the Army's manpower problems, one of Mitchell's associates was John O'Gara, then vice-president of R. H. Macy & Co. When the war ended, in 1945, O'Gara invited Mitchell to come to Macy's as director of personnel relations.

Handling labor relations in the retail merchandising field in those years offered nothing but headaches. Wages were low, rival labor organizations were trying to organize the large pool of unorganized workers, profit margins were small, and management was little disposed to grant labor's demands. It was not long before Mitchell had a strike on his hands. In the midst of it he quit. A matter of principle had arisen again.

"I quit," Mitchell explains, "because of a dispute with management over fundamental policy in settling the strike I was handling."

From Macy's, in 1947, Mitchell went to Bloomingdale's department store as vice-president in charge of personnel. But it wasn't long before the government was beckoning again. In 1948 a trip to Germany for former Secretary of the Army, Kenneth Royal, to study military government's civilian employment program, then under the direction of General Lucius Clay, who became one of Mitchell's admirers. After the outbreak of the Korean war, a commission from former Secretary of the Army, Frank Pace, to handle "combat pay problems." And only a few months ago, a call to come to Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Army to deal with manpower and reserve forces affairs.

In the breathing spells between these assignments, Mitchell found time to serve as a member of the Hoover Commission's personnel advisory board, chairman of the employee relations committee of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, member of the National Civic Service League, and chairman of the Retail Labor Relations Association of New York.

It is small wonder, considering his climb from fifteen-dollars-a-week grocery clerk to the vice-presidency of one of the nation's largest department stores and his arduous labors for the government, that Mitchell has had little time for exercise or hobbies. He doesn't play golf. He likes to spend his spare time with his wife and 13-year-old daughter, Elizabeth, at his home in Spring Lake, N. J. When he feels the need of

relaxation, he watches a prize fight.

His interest in boxing goes back to his boyhood association with Mickey Walker, the prize fighter, who grew up in Mitchell's neighborhood in Elizabeth.

"I used to box with Mickey in the YMCA," Mitchell recalls, "until he got to be good enough to get professional, preliminary fight engagements. We have kept up our friendship, although I haven't seen much of him in recent years. Mickey had an up-and-down career. Now he is living quietly in Hollywood. I saw him there three years ago. He writes a column for the *Police Gazette*, and, believe it or not, he paints. Paints very well, too."

When Mitchell came into the Cabinet, the newspapers had a hard time trying to establish the Secretary's relationship to Thomas Mitchell, the famed screen star. Some accounts said the actor was Mitchell's brother, others his uncle.

"The fact is," Mitchell says, "Tommie is my uncle, my father's youngest brother. He is nine years older than I am and when he was sixteen he came to live with our family. So we grew up as brothers and we have considered ourselves brothers. Even now Tommie usually introduces me as his brother. I think this uncle business embarrasses him."

Mitchell and his famous uncle have followed each other's careers with mutual admiration.

"I think he is a fine actor," Mitchell says. "Tommie always wanted to be an actor. In fact, he has been on the stage in one way or another since he was nine years old."

Mitchell knows that he has stepped into a very hot seat in the President's Cabinet. He knows that labor expects him to tilt the table in its direction. Sooner or later he will have to make recommendations for changes in the Taft-Hartley Act. His predecessor resigned, charging that the Administration ran out on a promise to present his recommendations to Congress—a charge the President has denied. So far as the Taft-Hartley Act is concerned, Mitchell is now "thinking it out."

Basically, he is in agreement with President Eisenhower's middle-of-the-road political and economic philosophy. He himself has always been a Republican. But he doesn't want to see the Eisenhower administration become the captive of the antilabor wing of the Republican party. He believes firmly that collective bargaining is here to stay. A few years back he told a group of management executives that it was up to them to "learn to live with it (organized labor) and recognize that unions can be partners in this search for increased productivity and improved morale."

Mitchell did not have to debate with himself about accepting the President's offer of the Labor portfolio.

"A lot of my friends," he says, "said to me, 'Jim, why give up a \$50,000-a-year job for a \$15,000-a-year job in which you can't win?' Perhaps I can't win. But somebody has to try. I feel that when your government thinks you can do a job, no personal sacrifice should be allowed to stand in the way."

The Hero



overboard and that Jaworski, without hesitation, had jumped to the rescue of his shipmate.

When the lifeboat had brought in the dripping pair, the Lieutenant commended Jaworski. "Nice work. You helped Jonas out of a tough spot."


Jaworski's reply, paraphrased, desalted, and neutralized, was simply:

"Yes, sir. The gol-durned son of a gun owed me five bucks!"

—Julius Nesser

► Most of us have speculated and wondered how we would respond to the sudden, complete demand which often produces the man apart. What makes a hero tick? A gob named Jaworski supplies a partial answer to that question.

A U.S. warship was anchored in the turbulent Whangpoo off Shanghai. Late in the evening, the general alarm sounded simultaneously with the shrill cry of "Man overboard." Lieutenant Caron, duty officer, dashed on deck to find the searchlight trained on two men struggling in the swift current. Eyewitnesses said that Jonas, a poor swimmer, had fallen



Before Midnight Mass, Wagrein's villagers place lighted Advent wreaths on the graves of friends in the parish cemetery Magnum photos

Silent Night, Holy Night

In the tiny Austrian village of Wagrein, Father Joseph Mohr's simple but beautiful carol is still the center of traditional Christmas feasting

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERICH LESSING

CHRISTMAS in the snow-blanketed village of Wagrein, nestled in the foothills of the Austrian Alps, is celebrated each year with just a little more zest than anywhere else. The reason is rather simple: Wagrein is the final resting place of Father Joseph Mohr, the humble Austrian Vicar who wrote the carol cherished today by all of Christendom—"Silent Night."

In Wagrein, traditions are deeply rooted and Christmas is celebrated in much the same way as it was in Father Mohr's time. Christmas carolers still go from farm to farm performing the centuries-old play depicting the Holy Family's search for shelter.

On Christmas Eve, the children join in the honoring of Father Mohr by gathering about his grave and singing the carol that has surprisingly found its way from their small village to Christian communities throughout the world.

The story of the song's birth is told by Franz Gruber, who

composed the music, in a report designed to end false stories claiming to describe the carol's origin.

It was Christmas Eve, 1818, when Father Mohr, who was then vicar of the church at Oberndorf near Salzburg, found to his dismay that old age and rats had damaged the parish organ to the extent that it could not be used at the Christmas service. Quickly, he wrote a short poem and asked Gruber to compose a suitable tune to be sung with guitar accompaniment.

The following Spring, a visiting master organ repairman listened to Gruber play the new carol on the repaired organ. He liked it so much that he took it back to his own town in the Tyrol. From there, Tyrolean glovemakers carried it to the Leipzig fair. Within a few years, the song that was born in Oberndorf had reached the United States.

And it was thus that Father Mohr came to live on in the simple words of the world's best known Christmas carol.



Christmas Eve is the time for a typical Wagrein family to gather around their tree for a round of singing carols together



In another old Wagrein ceremony, father and daughter sprinkle the cattle with holy water and "smoke" the stable with incense in remembrance of the Christ Child



After presents have been packed away, the family kneels down to give thanks for yuletide blessings. Then, it's off to bed for the youngsters and to Midnight Mass for the adults



Carolers, enacting Holy Family's search for shelter, chant pleas in front of Wagrein farmer's home



Welcomed inside, carolers share repast of home-made cakes and tea or schnapps with farm family

Children gather around Father Mohr's grave to sing the carol that traveled around the world



Present pastor of Wagrein, Father Isidor Lindner, examines sheet of music and a sermon written by his predecessor, Father Mohr



As in churches throughout the world, the joyful spirit of Christmas culminates in the celebration of Solemn Mass on Christmas Day



Despite moments of glory
Catholic football is dying

Farewell to Catholic College Football

by CHARLES G. JOHNSON

THAT funeral dirge in the distance is for bigtime Catholic College football.

Once very much alive and kicking, today the patient is hospitalized and failing fast. *Rigor mortis* hasn't set in—but it won't be long now.

Since World War II, private schools playing bigtime football have been falling by the wayside like mallards on the opening day of duck season. Despite the recent, widely ballyhooed NCAA abolition of two-platoon football, the toll will continue to mount in 1953 and 1954.

It is this writer's firm conviction that by 1955—or positively by 1956—all Catholic institutions of higher learning will quit bigtime football cold!

With one obvious exception—Notre Dame.

The Fighting Irish, during the last three decades, have unwittingly essayed the role of villain. Like the sirens of Greek mythology, they have lured many a Catholic college onto the rocky shoals of financial shipwreck. Nowadays it is increasingly clear that the day when a gridiron colossus can rise up from the ranks of the smaller schools definitely has passed.

Already dozens of our Catholic schools

That funeral dirge in the distance is sounding for

big-time Catholic college football, says the writer of this controversial article. *King Football* is dead

have given up the gridiron ghost. And all the others, save Notre Dame, are marked for death. True, some of the so-called "corpses" haven't stopped breathing just yet, but the life-giving respiratory process becomes more labored with each succeeding season.

The logic of this long-range forecast will be scoffed at by those schools still attempting to put up a big front, but don't be deceived by cries of "Wait 'til next year!" or "Our '55 schedule is a pip!" This is the bravado of boys whistling in the graveyard at midnight. Santa Clara and University of San Francisco officials denied their schools' impending football demise right up until calling for an autopsy.

"Santa Clara definitely intends to stay in the college football picture," a spokesman for the school declared when Loyola (Los Angeles) and University of

San Francisco quit with simultaneous announcements to the press on December 30, 1951. "Santa Clara is the last bulwark of Catholic independent football in the West. We must keep our foot in the door for the eventual return of Loyola, USEF, and St. Mary's," he said.

Exactly one year later Santa Clara had a change of heart. It joined the other "loved ones" on the outside, looking in.

Today, there is a total blackout of Catholic College football in the Far West. Not a single Catholic institution is still playing the bigtime game. This is a startling fact because the Pacific Coast was a citadel of topflight Catholic grid activity prior to World War II.

Elsewhere in America, the pattern is similar. Catholic colleges are sacrificing substantial sums of money, and no little academic stature, while imprudently



Santa Clara man tackles St. Mary's back during "the good old days"

shooting-for-the-moon. This certainly isn't the way they planned things originally.

The casualty list already includes names once among the proudest in Catholic football—Duquesne, Georgetown, Catholic University of America, St. Louis, Creighton, De Paul, Manhattan, and St. Bonaventure's. Not to forget the grid bankrupts of the Far West—Gonzaga and Portland, in addition to previously mentioned St. Mary's, Santa Clara, University of San Francisco, and Loyola (L.A.). For all these schools, an end finally has come to the long, economically unsound "social climb."

Fame is indeed fleeting, for many Catholic fans already have forgotten that Catholic U. and Duquesne ever fielded first-rate elevens. Yet, as recently as 1936, Catholic U. defeated Mississippi 20 to 19 to capture the Orange Bowl championship. Duquesne, which used to frighten the late Jock Sutherland and his Pittsburgh Panthers half to death each Autumn, walloped Miami University (Florida), 33-7, to win the 1934 Orange Bowl crown, and Duquesne dunked Mississippi State 13-12 on January 1, 1937, in an encore Orange Bowl appearance.

Nowadays Duquesne and Catholic U. don't frighten anybody. Their grid-

iron gear has been in mothballs since 1948.

Although they won't admit it for publication, many other Catholic schools are giving serious thought to tapering off their grid programs or to quitting the so-called amateur sport altogether.

Fordham, perennially a national championship contender in the coaching eras of the late Major Frank Cavanaugh and Jim Crowley, has been losing dollars steadily for a decade. Remember the autumnal chant, "From Rose Hill to Rose Bowl!" Sleepy Jim Crowley's Ram warriors, in the celebrated "Seven Block of Granite" era, held the late Jock Sutherland's greatest Pittsburgh elevens scoreless for three straight years.

YET Fordham officials today are haunted by the specter of red ink on their athletic ledger. Up until a few months ago they readily acknowledged the school might banish the costly sport altogether. Since then, what with alumni pressure and assurances, they have tightened the belt and decided to give football another whirl.

But the fact remains that Fordham today isn't drawing horseflies, not even when winning. The Rams are reduced to playing in second-class houses before intimate little audiences of Jesuit faculty members and alumni that generally run somewhere in the neighborhood of 2500 to 7000. This is a far cry from Polo Grounds crowds of 50,000 in the halcyon days of the '30's and early '40's.

Out in Milwaukee, Marquette keeps plugging away with an admixture of faith, hope, and sound public relations. The Hilltop institution, considerably larger than most Catholic universities, plays several Big Ten opponents each fall including rugged Michigan State, the national champion of the past two seasons. For its trouble, Marquette generally absorbs a nasty licking—both on the scoreboard and, worse still, at the ticket windows. The one happy note is the annual big game with Wisconsin University, an unusually kind-hearted inter-State rival. The good-sized gate from this annual all-Wisconsin wingding keeps Marquette barely hanging on by the bootstraps—but how long? A trial balloon was sent aloft late this summer when the "Marquette Minutemen," 110 strong under Municipal Judge Robert C. Cannon, began an intensive city-wide season ticket crusade among Milwaukee's business and industrial firms, professional men, service clubs, and labor unions. The goal was to sell 10,000 season books at \$10 per copy prior to the South Dakota home opener, and thus kick off the '53 season on a sounder financial footing. Final results of the crusade aren't in yet, but school offi-

cials are hopeful the fabulous success of Milwaukee's baseball Braves will help stimulate a more lively civic interest in Marquette's football destiny than has been demonstrated until now.

Philadelphia, the "friendly city," never has been anything but cold to major grid attractions staged by valiant Villanova. It has always been "frosty Philly" to the Wildcats, whether they were playing Texas A. & M. or cross-town Temple University. Even when they field an occasional powerhouse or showcase a brilliant All-America performer such as Ralph (The Rhino) Pasquariello or Gene Filipski, they are orphans in their own hometown. Villanova won't hold onto bigtime football much longer.

Detroit University jubilantly hung out S.R.O. signs for its centennial year game with Notre Dame in 1951. But can the Titans again card the Fighting Irish for '54 or '55—or ever again? (Or can any Catholic college!) Such a bread-and-butter attraction would go a long way toward meeting the staggering football bills. In the absence of it, there seems little future for struggling Detroit in the minor-league Missouri Valley Conference.

BOSTON College and Holy Cross in New England keep trying, but crowds never have been up to expectation. No affluence has come to either Jesuit institution through the medium of football. Yet each has known moments of bigtime gridiron glory. Boston College has appeared in the Sugar, Orange, and Cotton bowl classics, true enough; but too often rain has washed away anticipated profits from "get-well" home tilts with big-name intersectional rivals from the Southern and Southeastern Conferences. Raindrops have also put a damper on the best laid plans at Holy Cross. Teams like Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana State, Clemson, and Wake Forest don't travel to Boston or Worcester for geography credits.

What does it all add up to?

Simply that the bigtime grid sport is a risky business—and getting riskier every year! And Catholic college football is the "vanishing empire"—an empire that never really existed, except in the dreams of school administrators and countless fans.

Viewed strictly from the standpoint of economics, our schools never really figured to hit the jackpot anyway. The little fellow simply can't compete on an equal footing with the big chain-store operator. Certainly not in this enlightened age of free televised grid action in

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the parlor, Sunday pro football, and high-cost proselytizing. This latter is a vicious and immoral system which often places U.S. educators in the hypocritical position of winking at the buying of ball players in an open market. But the biggest bugaboo of all has been the schedule "blacklist" enforced by the nation's monopolistic major conferences.

Encouraging private enterprise is part of the American way of life. But somehow this principle hasn't been applied to college football. Instead of welcoming competition, especially with neighboring private institutions, members of the Big Ten, Pacific Coast Conference, Ivy League etc. too often have chosen the negative policy of freezeout!

The economic plight of private Catholic institutions began with their inability to woo large secular schools, notably those in their own immediate area. Failure to land these grid "naturals" laid groundwork for multiplying woes, such as inability to obtain a sufficient number of star Catholic players (who listened to "attractive offers" and enrolled elsewhere), a rapidly declining and often inferior brand of Catholic college football, and, over the years, a drastic falling off at the box office.

IT was a veritable merry-go-round of maladies, whose dizzy, whirling pathway inevitably led to the poorhouse. Catholic colleges soon found themselves fielding obsolete model-T grid machines in a Cadillac market. Some naïve school administrators didn't want to believe it at first, but Holy Name men and Knights of Columbus—even loyal alumni—clamor for a winner just like everybody else. Today it is obvious "the Faithful" feel no strong bond of kinship to a gridiron loser.

An indication of the sharp dropoff in the quality of Catholic college football is perhaps best illustrated by a glance at the New Year's Day bowl game record. Participation in the Rose, Sugar, Orange, and Cotton bowl games is an honor reserved for champions of the various major conferences and outstanding independent elevens.

Ever since Notre Dame—there are those "villainous" Irish again!—started the trend by walloping Stanford 27-10 in the 1925 Rose Bowl Game, Catholic elevens often have been invited to share in the New Year's Day pot-of-gold.

Catholic colleges made 14 appearances in the four major New Year's Day bowl games during 1933-43. But 1944 until today has been a decade of drought. Bowl invitations to our schools during this period slipped to a mere three.

The picture becomes still gloomier when you realize that since 1946 only one Catholic school—Santa Clara in 1950—received a major bowl bid. The now-

defunct Broncos rose to the occasion nobly by outscoring previously unbeaten-untied Kentucky, pride of the deep South, 21-13 in the Orange Bowl Game that year. But this is hardly cause for jubilation now, what with the once triumphant Broncos only recently having been interred in the peaceful Santa Clara Valley.

Nowadays, Catholic colleges not only are disappearing from the January 1 bowl scene, but they are vanishing from football itself. The ranks are thinning so noticeably that by 1956 Notre Dame



Information, Please

► In the diner of an eastbound train, a Catholic couple noticed two nuns at another table. When neither could identify the religious habit, the husband volunteered to settle the question.

"Pardon me, Sisters," he said, pausing politely beside the nuns' table, "but would you mind telling me your Order?"

"Not at all," one of the nuns smiled up at him. "Lamb chops; and they're delicious!"

—Sister Mary Gilbert

will have to go-it-alone as a kind of parochial isle surrounded by a sea of secular grid rivals. Of course, this is pretty much what the Fighting Irish have been doing all along, anyway.

Now is the time for parish diehards and alumni Peter Pans—the jolly boys who get diplomas but never really grow up!—to face up to harsh reality.

Bigtime Catholic college football is as dead as the dodo bird!

Yet the gridiron game itself is a fine American tradition. It originated on the campus as a slam-bang sport for soundlimbed young men. Why not return it to its rightful place in the over-all academic program?

It is this writer's belief that if Catholic independent football ever is to be revived it will come—it must come—strictly as amateur, play-for-fun football. Past efforts to keep up with the football Joneses never have been to the credit of our colleges and universities.

Without a shadow of doubt, the evils of bigtime football begin and end at the

box-office. The simplest method of all to "blow down" the game to its correct dimensions in the over-all academic scheme-of-things would be to jack down the admission fee.

There never can be true amateurism in college football so long as there are \$2.20, \$3.20, \$4.40 and even \$6.00 ball games. When gates for single games run as high as a half-million dollars, our system of higher education makes itself almost as ridiculous and hypocritical as cornered Reds crying about their "usurped" civil liberties and "thought control" in the U.S.

THE net profit—net, not gross—on the 1953 Rose Bowl Game, a revered simon-pure spectacle, was \$709,747. That kind of do-re-mi, my friends, is the root of all gridiron evil. It is the opium of the educators. It gives birth to such moral ills as "underground" proselytizing networks, *sub rosa* handouts to star T-quarterbacks, illegal ticket scalping by college athletes in hotel lobbies, and the coddling of newsmen.

Football writers have become the "kept men" of our generation. They have been known to spend up to a week in Honolulu as nonpaying guests of American universities. I know—I did myself in 1947. One year prior to that, I spent 17 carefree days at the Edgewater-Gulf Hotel on the Mississippi Gulf Coast and at the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans on St. Mary's College's luxury-cruise to the Sugar Bowl. Travel, hotel, food, and entertainment expenses for a mob of 10 or 12 journalistic hangers-on cost little St. Mary's (total enrollment at that time, less than 300 students) at least \$8,000 for the two-and-one-half week excursion into the deep South. Yet this sum is a trifle compared to the "Gulliver's Travels" era at St. Mary's. Happy-go-lucky Slip Madigan, the newspaperman's No. 1 friend and patron, once routed his official party home from the Fordham game in New York via Cuba and points south.

Today, out of the depths of athletic adversity, our Catholic college administrators have a magnificent opportunity.

Without resorting to any illogical finger-pointing, or stone-throwing from a wide variety of chipped and cracked glass houses, they can encourage others by their own good example to eliminate professionalism and hypocrisy from college football programs. In this way, sound morality soon can be returned to the campuses of America.

Certainly this is the only road to salvation for Catholic college football.

It isn't yet too late. Let's revive the sport on a sensible, strictly small-time, truly amateur scale.

"King Football" is dead—long live football!

THE *Sign* POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Eucharistic Fast

In our house, we have a patient over seventy, who is ill in many ways, especially a throat ailment. She was told she has to fast until after the priest brings Communion. How can I convince her she can take water before Communion?—F. C., LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

Despite the publicity given the new Church regulations covering the fast prior to the reception of Holy Communion, so many are still in the dark that we deem it well to list these liberal regulations in full. First of all, water no longer breaks the fast—not even a moment before Communion. Nor is any permission required to partake of water.

In all the other cases that follow, the approval of a priest should be obtained. Once given, that approval applies as long as the circumstances remain the same. 1) As regards sick people, aside from whether they are confined to home or bed, there is no time limit—they may take liquids or medicine any time between midnight and the time of Communion. In these regulations, any reference to liquids excludes alcoholic beverages, with the exception of the slight alcoholic content that might be an ingredient of a cough medicine or the like.

2) Those who have to engage in hard work, such as hospital personnel on night duty, police, and similar overnight workers, may partake of liquid nourishment until one hour before Communion time. The same holds, for example, for housewives or others who have long-drawn-out work to accomplish by day, before receiving Communion. 3) Liquid nourishment may be taken also by those who cannot receive Holy Communion until a comparatively late hour, that is, until after 9 A.M.

4) They can enjoy the same privilege, who have to undertake a considerable journey to reach church—approximately a mile and a quarter on foot, fifteen to twenty miles by vehicle. 5) Also school children, in circumstances when it would be difficult for them to go to church, return home for breakfast, then journey to school. From what has been listed above, it is easy to see how considerate and liberal the new regulations are, but at the same time how necessary it is to refer your circumstances to a priest for decision.



Churching

My first baby was baptized a week ago and, when he was brought home from church, his godmother told me that I have to be churched. What does that mean?—L. C., PEN YAN, N. Y.

Your baby's godmother was referring to the ceremony in the Roman Ritual called "The Blessing of Women After Childbirth;" the popular name for it is "churching." Though

you may not have heard of it before, this "churching" is not something new; it is in fact one of the oldest sacramentals of the Church. It is observed by Catholic mothers in imitation of the Blessed Virgin who, forty days after birth of her Divine Son, went to the Temple to perform the rite of purification according to the custom of the Jews. In "The Blessing of Women After Childbirth," prayers are offered to God in thanksgiving for safe delivery, and special petitions are made that God's blessing may come down and rest upon both mother and child. Since there is no obligation to be blessed after childbirth, a mother does not commit any sin if she does not go to church for this blessing. It is, however, a very commendable practice and every Catholic mother should, if possible, make use of her privilege to benefit from this sacramental.

St. Dymphna

I am in urgent need of novena literature or a medal of St. Dymphna.—A. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.

This plea appeared in our October issue and we are repeating it because at present we are able to offer more complete and definite information, thanks to a host of alert and kind readers who poured in upon us a veritable avalanche of letters, booklets, leaflets, and cards referring to St. Dymphna. For the benefit of the original petitioner, and all other persons who might be interested, we will give here the substance of the information supplied us.

A novena booklet titled *Devotion in Honor of St. Dymphna*, containing indulgenced prayers and a brief story of the Saint's life, published with ecclesiastical approval, as well as leaflets, cards, and medals, may be procured from any of the following: Rev. Father Austin Scully, Massillon State Hospital, Massillon, Ohio. Here stands the first church in America erected in honor of St. Dymphna. The Sisters of Charity of St. Augustine, Mercy Hospital, Canton, Ohio. These Sisters are in charge of a Shrine dedicated to St. Dymphna in which a relic of the Saint is kept for public veneration. Rev. Father Richard Marendt, O.F.M., St. Dymphna Chapel, Longview Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio. Rev. E. J. Kelly, Drawer X, Chicago, Ill.

Servile Works

Is it sinful to perform such duties as mowing the lawn or washing one's automobile on Sunday? I would like to read an article on the proper observance of Sunday.—H. B., SAVANNAH, GA.

The Law of the Church (Canon 1248) makes it clear that on all Sundays and Holy Days of Obligation the faithful are required to assist at Holy Mass and to abstain from servile works, forensic acts (e.g., court trials), and likewise from public sales, fairs, and other public buying and selling, unless legitimate custom or special indulgences make exception.

The purpose of the negative part of this precept, forbidding servile works etc., is to make sure that the faithful have time and opportunity for attending Mass, hearing instructions, reading good spiritual books, and incidentally that they may recuperate body and mind for the better service of God and neighbor.

The law states that we must abstain from servile works. Any particular work belongs to one of three classes: it is either servile, or liberal, or mixed. Servile work is work that requires considerable physical exertion and is generally performed by what we call laboring people. Liberal work is, in general, that which is the product of skill and is due to mental effort. Mixed work is not exclusively either servile or liberal, but partakes in some measure of each, and is done by all classes and conditions of people. This classification of works, it is important to note, is based solely upon the very nature of the work itself; the intention of the person who performs the work does not enter into the matter at all. Thus, to dig a ditch for recreation does not alter the character of the work; it is still servile, no matter what the intention.

Now, only true servile works are forbidden. It is impossible to give here a complete list, so we will mention just a few by way of example. It is servile work to plough, dig, sow, reap, load, print, plaster, paint, etc., to wash, iron, sew etc. On the other hand, it is not servile work to study, write, to do artistic work in sculpture, painting, design, embroidery, nor to typewrite or photograph.

Servile works may, however, be performed on days of precept if there is a just reason for doing so, e.g., in case of necessity either of body or mind, personal or that of another. Thus it is permitted to make beds, cook Sunday dinner, deliver milk, run trains, boats, and buses, etc. So also any urgent work that must be done but cannot be performed during the week.

As far as buying and selling is concerned, the necessary purchase of food and the like may be made on Sundays, and when Holy Days fall on weekdays it is permitted to shop. It seems that such is the custom in this country and therefore is allowable.

Sunday, even as the Sabbath of old, was made for man, and not man for Sunday. Consequently, while Sundays and Holy Days are to be devoted to the worship of God and the sanctification of the soul—man's main purpose in life—wholesome and moderate recreation is not forbidden. In this matter, one may follow the example of good Catholics, unless, of course, ecclesiastical authority rules otherwise in certain cases.

St. John and the Baptists

A friend mentioned that her church, the Baptist, was founded by St. John the Baptist. The Catholic Church also has a St. John the Baptist. Is there any connection between the two?—M. C., HAVERTOWN, PA.

There is absolutely no connection between St. John the Baptist and the Baptist Church. St. John the Baptist is called the "Baptist" because he preached and administered a baptism; not indeed the Christian Sacrament of Baptism, but a baptism of penance. When he was questioned about his mission and activity, John explained that he baptized, not as the Messiah would, that is, "with the Holy Spirit," but merely as a preparation for the coming of the Messiah: "I indeed baptise you with water, for repentance. But He who is coming after me is mightier than I. . . . He will baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire." (Matt. 3:11) It is evident, therefore, that St. John the Baptist was the Precursor, or Forerunner, of our Blessed Lord, and the Gospels inform us that he was put to death by Herod before Christ's Church was established.

The Protestant denomination called the Baptist Church originated many centuries later, for it was founded around the year 1600 by a certain John Smith. At one time John Smith was pastor of a church at Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, England, which had separated from the Anglican Church, another Protestant denomination. In 1606 he and his followers, in order to escape persecution in England, fled to Amsterdam, Holland. John Smith died in 1612. He and his disciples are called "Baptists" because they hold and teach that only baptism by immersion is valid; in no sense are they the spiritual descendants of St. John the Baptist.

Uncontested Divorce

A Catholic woman married a non-Catholic man in the rectory of her church. Three months later, her husband got a civil divorce. The Catholic wife cannot go to the Sacraments because she did not contest the divorce. After five years, her husband returned, and now they plan to remarry in a civil ceremony. Does the wife have to go to her parish priest before she can go to Confession and Communion, or does she have to make application at the Chancery Office?—M. B., CHICAGO, ILL.

Unquestionably, divorce is one of the greatest evils of the day, and there rests upon both husband and wife a serious obligation to prevent it from wrecking their marriage. Therefore, if one partner sues for a divorce in the civil court, the other partner is obliged to contest the case, unless excused from doing so for a really just and serious reason.

In the case at hand, let us suppose the wife did not have sufficient reason for not opposing the divorce, and therefore committed sin by refusing to fulfill her obligation. Even so, she could and should have approached the tribunal of penance and sought absolution, providing, of course, that she was sincerely repentant and had the dispositions necessary for receiving absolution.

In order to rectify the situation as it is at present, the husband and wife, or at least the wife, should go to her parish priest and lay the entire matter before him. The parish priest, who is familiar with the marriage laws of the State of Illinois as well as the Statutes of the Archdiocese of Chicago, will then point out the proper steps that must be taken in order to remove all difficulties and to have her again recognized as the man's true wife in that State.



Not Unusual

A friend of mine received a beautiful crucifix but hesitates to hang it in her home because of its oddity. It looks like any other rather expensive crucifix except for a skull and crossbones located directly under the cross. Could you give us any information about this?—J. B., ALLERTON, MASS.

A skull and crossbones are found on very many crucifixes, so there is nothing at all odd about your friend's, and she should not hesitate to give it a prominent place in her home. The slightly elevated site on which our Blessed Saviour was crucified was called The Skull. Thus in the Gospel of St. John (Confraternity Edition of the *New Testament*) we read: "He (Jesus) went forth to the place called The Skull, in Hebrew, Golgotha." The Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark have practically the same wording as that of St. John; St. Luke's Gospel omits "Golgotha" and reads: "And they came to the place called The Skull." Why was that place—which we usually refer to as "Calvary," which also means Skull, from the Latin "Calvaria"—called The Skull? Several more or less plausible reasons have been suggested. For

instance, some think that it was because of the physical contour of the place, being a hillock in shape resembling a skull. Others hold that it was called The Skull because it was believed to be the final resting place of Adam's skull. It is true that there was an ancient Jewish tradition that the skull of Adam, after having been entrusted by Noe to his son Sem, and then by Sem to Melchisedech, was finally deposited at the place called, for that reason, Golgotha—The Skull. The early Fathers of the Church knew that tradition and Christians embellished it. On the reputed site of Our Lord's crucifixion they erected a Calvary Chapel. Beneath the Calvary Chapel there is an Adam Chapel, and in it there is a picture which represents the raising of Adam to life by the Precious Blood of Christ trickling down upon his skull. Hence it seems quite safe to say that the skull and crossbones placed at the bottom of the crucifix is a survival of that ancient tradition.

Saint Amelia

Is there a saint by the name of Amelia? If so, could you give me information about her?—J. G., LAUREL, MD.

Yes, there is a Saint by the name of Amelia, or, as she is sometimes called, Amelburga. St. Amelia was a nun of Bilsen, near Liege, under the Abbess St. Landrada. After a long life of prayer and penance, she died in her monastery in 722 A.D. She was buried at Tamise in the Ardennes, where she had built a church on her family estate. Her relics were translated to an abbey in the neighborhood of Ghent toward the end of the eleventh century. The Feast of St. Amelia is celebrated on July 10.

Catholic President

Has it always been in the Constitution of the United States that a Catholic can be President? Would a Catholic have a difficult time being elected?—F. C., MONTREAL, CAN.

It is not stated positively, in so many words, in the Constitution, or the Bill of Rights, or in subsequent Constitutional Amendments, that a Catholic may become President of the United States. But negatively speaking, none of those Constitutional documents excludes man or woman from public office because of his or her religion. On the contrary, freedom of religion is sounded as a dominant note, especially in the Declaration of Independence and in Article I of the Bill of Rights—the first ten Amendments to the Constitution. As for your second question, it is thoroughly answered by the saga of Alfred Smith, in the presidential campaign of 1928. The majority of Americans are non-Catholics and are "allergic" to the prospect of a Catholic in the White House. In all probability, it is providential that the first Catholic aspirant to the presidency was defeated. Hoover won, but became the scapegoat of the depression that soon followed. The record of your own Prime Minister and his recent re-election exemplify that a Catholic chief executive is compatible with an un-Catholic State.

"Underground"

My mother is godmother of a twelve-year-old girl whose mother is a Catholic but whose father is a bigoted non-Catholic. The girl is allowed to go to Sunday Mass, but the father refuses to let his two children receive their First Holy Communion. Is my mother responsible?—M. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Under the circumstances, the most your mother can do is to join forces with the mother of the children and try to prevail upon the father not to tamper with the religious freedom of his children nor to deprive them of what they recognize as a precious benefit for their souls. Failing an appeal

along that line, "underground" tactics are called for. Let the children be prepared for the reception of the Eucharist and arrange with the parish priest for their First Holy Communion—without the consent or knowledge of their father.

Rosary Indulgences

Occasionally I say the Rosary when walking along the street or riding in a bus. Is it true that I do not gain the indulgences unless I say the prayers aloud?—S. P., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

In order to gain the indulgences attached to the recitation of prescribed formulas of prayer, it is necessary, as a general rule, to recite the prayers vocally, that is, with the movement of the lips and tongue. By way of exception to this general rule, a few concessions have been made. When indulgenced prayers are recited with a companion, it is sufficient either to alternate with the companion in reciting the prayers vocally or to follow the prayers mentally while the companion recites them vocally. An even wider concession has been made in favor of deaf-mutes. (Canon 936) Furthermore, by a decree of the Sacred Penitentiary, all the faithful may gain indulgences attached to invocations and ejaculatory prayers by saying them mentally.

In accord with the general principle stated above, persons who have normal organs of speech cannot gain the indulgences of the Rosary by reciting its prayers merely mentally when they are performing this act of devotion privately; they must say the prayers vocally. Be it noted, however, that a vocal recitation is not the same thing as an audible; and that it is enough to pronounce the prayers with the lips and tongue, even though no sound is perceptible.



Zoo Psychology

As the mother of several teen-age children, am shocked and frightened by the latest Kinsey report. It seems to be the prevailing topic of conversation among youngsters of their age. What stand should I take?—L. McC., STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.

An attempt to suppress the "Kinsey nightmare" altogether, as a topic of conversation, would be futile. The very attempt would only step up the tempo of excitement and curiosity. Rather—a debunking strategy is called for. Have ready to hand copies of the many healthy and healthful criticisms of the Kinsey book, to be found not only in religious magazines and newspapers, but in the secular press as well.

Calmly and intelligently, it can be pointed out that the Kinsey poll has been so extremely limited as to be unrepresentative and, therefore, misleading. The absurdity of this "peeping Alfred's" report to the nation is obvious to every American Catholic priest. Furthermore, Kinsey's specialty is zoology—the study of irrational animals. Outside the zoo, Kinsey is out of his qualified sphere.

As for the Kinsey books or any of the pagan writeups that enthuse over his madness, a stern boycott is the obligation of every parent. Aside from a waste of money and time, what may be called the "Kinsey Movement" is diabolical in its harmfulness. Even Kinsey admits that the only really important factor in determining behavior seems to be religion. But to the extent that his movement prevails, the moral law will be discarded as mere taboo, based upon a myth called God. No man or woman of balanced reason will be so stupid as to be taken in by Kinseyism. Every man and woman of genuine Jewish and Christian faith will condemn it as disgusting and morbid. Be firm with your teen-agers, but back up your firmness with reason and faith.



bishop o'gara



DIOCESE OF YUANLING
HUNAN, CHINA

Christmas 1953

... returns

The man leaned back on the station bench and twisted painfully as it dug into his back. He was sick and he was tired. He turned his head slowly and looked around the station. The yellow light of the electric bulbs filtered into the corners and picked out the pinched faces of a few Chinese beggars. It touched the rifle of one Chinese soldier as he shifted his weight; it brushed the buckle of another's belt as he suddenly turned. The man on the bench shivered and closed his eyes. Tomorrow he would be out of China. Tomorrow he would be free. He looked up at Father William. His voice was quiet but steady. "I'd come back to these people hobbling on crutches, if I were allowed."

The man was Bishop O'Gara. Twenty-nine years ago he had come to China as a missionary. Nineteen years ago he had been consecrated Bishop. On Christmas, 1941, he was taken prisoner by the Japanese and narrowly escaped the firing squad. The next year he was released. In 1950 he was arrested—this time by the Chinese Communists. He was paraded in the streets, humiliated, and jailed. In 1953 he was released—carried from his cell on a stretcher out of the land he loved and labored for.

THE SIGN is proud and glad to offer its readers Bishop O'Gara's Christmas message.

Dear Friends:

It is an immense joy for me to be able to greet the readers of *THE SIGN* this Christmastide. Last year and the year before, such a happiness was denied me because no one is ever permitted to send a greeting from a Communist prison cell. The Feast of Christmas for the past two years found me without even the consolation of a pair of rosary beads. Yet my heart was warmed and I was sustained by the conviction that all of you were praying fervently to the Infant Saviour for me. I know now that the faithful and devoted prayers were the providential means which obtained my release.

So this Holy Season I ask the Infant Saviour to reward you a hundredfold with His choicest blessings. I join with you in thanksgiving for my deliverance from prison and I wish to assure each of you a very special remembrance in my Christmas Masses. In your great charity keep up your prayers for the missionaries who are still behind the Bamboo Curtain—those in prison and those held under house arrest—that soon they may be freed from Communist bondage.

Pray also, I beg you, that our Blessed Mother may continue to guard and to strengthen our heroic Catholic Chinese and that the grace of her Divine Son may keep them steadfast in these dark days of persecution.

Gratefully and prayerfully yours,

+ Arthur M. O'Gara, Bp.



Maurice Evans as Sir Arthur Sullivan rehearses two players in a sequence from "Gilbert and Sullivan"

★ Stage and ★ ★ Screen ★

by **JERRY COTTER**

Technicolor Savoyards

A long-awaited biography, **GILBERT AND SULLIVAN** captures the spirit of those gifted but erratic composers who gave the world a fascinating roster of comic operas. Bolstered by the contribution of a seasoned D'Oyly Carte Company, this lustrous Technicolor musical is a motion picture gem.

Though the scenario occasionally follows the line of least resistance in detailing the flamboyant partnership, it manages to make an essentially routine success story seem sparkingly different. Before their collaboration came to an untimely end in a dispute over the price of a carpet, Arthur Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert produced musical satires as wonderfully comic as they were musically delightful.

Sequences from eight of their most popular productions have been used in this tribute. *The Mikado*, *Pinafore*, *Pirates of Penzance*, *The Gondoliers*, *Trial By Jury*, *Ruddigore*, *Yeoman of the Guard*, and *Iolanthe* are perennially popular, and as Martyn Green and the Savoyards bring them to life again, it is easy to see why.

Though the music is the principal attraction here, astute casting and direction underscore the dramatic portions with a flourish. Maurice Evans is Sullivan, and Robert Morley plays Gilbert, a happy combination that brings added strength to the presentation. Dinah Sheridan, Eileen Herlie, Peter Finch, and Wilfrid Hyde White are excellent aides in this genuinely fine British-made curtesy to an immortal musical team.

It is a film the entire family will enjoy. (Lopert)

Reviews in Brief

The prize ring usually provides a striking backdrop for an action movie, and in **THE JOE LOUIS STORY**, there is the added advantage of a popular real-life hero. Joe doesn't appear in the picture, but Coley Wallace, a young Negro heavyweight, resembles the ex-champion so closely in physique and mannerisms that the illusion is cleverly maintained. Scenes from Louis fights have been effectively integrated into a story that carries sincerity, humor, and excitement in every reel. Needless to add, the youngsters will find it fascinating. Older fight fans will appreciate that the screenplay adheres so closely to the real Joe Louis saga.

(United Artists)

SO BIG is a sudsy adaptation of Edna Ferber's novel, the third version to reach the screen. Jane Wyman gives a superb performance as the dauntless woman who faces the adversities of her hard life with dignity and faith. The role is rich in opportunity, and her portrayal overshadows the rather familiar twists of the emotional plot. The atmosphere and details of a Dutch-American farming community have been skillfully created, and there are vivid vignettes from Sterling Hayden, Nancy Olson, and Steve Forest. Primarily, this is a study for those who enjoy movies tear-drenched and packed to the brim with pathos. (Warner Bros.)

Brittle and realistic, **TORCH SONG** adds a new dimension to the conventional backstage legend. Its principal charac-



Above: Feuding brothers Robert Taylor and Stewart Granger both court Ann Blyth in "All the Brothers Were Valiant"

Left: David Wayne, Mariko Niki, and John Forsythe in the delightful stage offering, "Teahouse of the August Moon"

ter is a successful, hardened, and unhappy musical comedy star who has lost the ability to understand and to love. Joan Crawford essays this role with all the steely sophistication it demands and makes it one of her outstanding characterizations. Less spectacular, but competent, is Michael Wilding, cast as a blind pianist who eventually brings light to the aging actress. In the best soap-opera tradition, with the visual advantages of a slick Hollywood production and a glamorous Crawford fashion parade. (M-G-M)

ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT pits two of them in a long and bitter struggle for authority, honor, and the girl they both love. Ben Ames Williams wrote with a flourish, and much of it has carried over to this beautifully photographed and spasmodically thrilling sea adventure. Robert Taylor and Stewart Granger are the unloving brothers, and Ann Blyth is the diminutive beauty who marries her second choice believing the first dead. One sequence of a whaling crew at work is a thrill to remember. It offers excitement-plus. Performances, photography, and action are well above par in this swashbuckling adult adventure in which sailing ships, South Sea storms, and a fortune in pearls are among the standard ingredients.

(M-G-M)

High adventure on the bounding main is the formula in **BOTANY BAY**, which is absorbing adult fare despite its recourse to several melodramatic clichés. Most of the footage is devoted to a violent voyage from England to a new colony being established in Australia. Alan Ladd is among a group of prisoners being sent to colonize the settlement, and James Mason is the brutal, sadistic captain of the schooner. The action is fast, the acting adequate, and the result a swashbuckling success. (Paramount)

Walt Disney's True-Life Adventures adds another fascinating chapter to the documentary library with **THE LIVING DESERT**. A tremendously entertaining feature-length study of the varied species which exist in the desert, it should be a "must-movie" for everyone in the family. The Disney staff

has accomplished a magnificent pictorial feat in snaring the beauty, the stark, grim terror, and the excitement of life in the sand regions. Topping the excitements are scenes of battle between a hawk and a rattlesnake, while the closing sequences of a cloudburst followed by a vista of flowers in bloom are breathtaking. (Disney-RKO)

KISS ME KATE is a spirited, colorful, and frisky adaptation of the Cole Porter musical. It is being released in conventional form and in a 3-D version, with the former proving a preferable exposition. Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel are starred as the turbulent singing stars who enact *Taming of the Shrew* on both sides of the footlights. They give the production a decided lift, musically and dramatically, with Ann Miller, Keenan Wynn, and James Whitmore as able co-stars. Most of the questionable material and lyrics have been eliminated, but sufficient ribaldry remains to reserve this for adult attention (M-G-M)

Bob Hope and company have a featherweight idea in **HERE COME THE GIRLS**, and even their frantic efforts lend little fun or substance to it. Hope is a perennial chorus boy who is called on to stand in for the star when that gentleman's life is threatened by a maniac. Tony Martin, Rosemary Clooney, and Arlene Dahl share what might whimsically be called the honors in this vividly garbed, but basically dull, charade. It's not a Christmas package for the kiddies, either! (Paramount)

The New Plays

John Patrick's dramatization of Vern Sneider's popular novel, **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON**, is the funniest comedy Broadway has seen in several seasons. Added to the wit and the humor is a considerable amount of charm, an expendable but always welcome theatrical commodity. It can be dispensed with when it interferes too blandly with the dramatic processes, but in this instance it has been utilized carefully and in discreet doses. The occupation force of Americans in Okinawa undoubtedly en-



Neil Hamilton and Arlene Francis as middle-aged romantics in the comedy, "Late Love," written by Rosemary Casey

countered some strange and fanciful propositions. Some of them have been chronicled here, with a delightful appreciation of the humor in the situation, for you see, oftener than not, the occupiers learned and benefited by the almost incongruous situations. Democracy was the idea they peddled, but human understanding and ancient wisdom were the scrip they received in exchange. Few theater excursions of recent memories have been as delightful and fruitful as this cleverly staged and expertly performed Oriental frolic. David Wayne is magnificent as an interpreter for his people, and John Forsythe is capital as the American who lives and learns. Japanese-born Mariko Niki is a lovely geisha. Provocative, perceptive fun in a beautifully conceived format.

The Blackfriars Guild celebrates its thirteenth New York season with a lighthearted lark written by Charles Oxtan, a new playwright of considerable promise. **LATE ARRIVAL** has sparkling surface tones and some practical thoughts on modern misconceptions at the base. It is built around the reactions of two teen-age girls to the news that their parents are expecting another child. Oxtan writes with understanding and humor and we can expect even better things from him in the future. Little Marilyn Fay is the cast standout as an eager, likable youngster, and Tom Gorman is splendid as a harassed father. Charlott Knight, making her bow as a Blackfriars director, gives this heartwarming comedy an added asset. It is a most enjoyable combination of talents and an entertaining evening in the theater.

The nonconformist has won the sympathy of the writing folk in recent years, particularly if his obliqueness is moral or political. In **TEA AND SYMPATHY**, playwright Robert Anderson offers two such protagonists in a beautifully written, but spiritually bleak, drama. One is a young man whose effeminate characteristics and friendship with a suspect instructor have led schoolmates to condemn him. An understanding house mother, whose main function is to supply occasional "tea and sympathy," is appalled by the brutal treatment the lad receives from fellow students and her own instructor-husband. Her rebellion carries through the

boy's deluded attempt to assert himself and leads finally to her own distasteful, amoral solution to the distressing problem. Anderson writes so sensitively and sketches characters so effectively, it seems an even greater tragedy that he can offer nothing of moral worth in his summation. John Kerr plays the distraught young man superbly, and Deborah Kerr surmounts the unattractive assignment by transforming it into a luminous acting triumph. To its credit, this problem play does point up the insidious danger in baseless gossip and character assassination. However, that is not sufficient compensation for an unwholesome theme and the absence of any spiritual values. The real tragedy here is that so much genuine artistry is wasted on a shoddy theme when it might have been utilized gloriously.

Rosemary Casey's new comedy, **LATE LOVE**, is crisp, sparkling fun, even though it proved to be "too antiseptic for Broadway." The author of *The Velvet Glove*, a Christopher Award play, doesn't blaze any spectacular new trails of thought or humor, but she does know how to make a familiar jaunt enjoyable. A trio of middle-aged romantics, two frustrated young lovers, and a domineering dowager mill about in a genteel Connecticut drawing-room for three witty acts. It ends on an upbeat after a chuckle-packed character switch in which the dictatorial grandma turns out to be a gay girl after all. Arlene Francis, Neil Hamilton, Lucile Watson, Ann Deere, Frank Albertson, and two very likable newcomers, Elizabeth Montgomery and Cliff Robertson, carry the charade along in spirited and winning performances. *Late Love* is bound to become a summer stock favorite and should find a happy haven in Hollywood.

Calder Willingham's distasteful novel, **END AS A MAN**, is a shrill and forced attempt to indict the military academy brand of education. It is brutal, sadistic, and generally ugly, without any leavening. Ben Gazzara makes a spectacular Broadway debut in the role of a psychopathic cadet, and William Smithers is effective as a boy who decides to leave the academy. The audience was glad to second the motion.

Playguide

FOR THE

FAMILY: *Late Love*

FOR ADULTS: *The King and I; Dial M for Murder; Wonderful Town; The Teahouse of the August Moon; My Three Angels; Me and Juliet*
(On Tour) *Oklahoma; Time Out for Ginger*

PARTLY OBJECTION- ABLE:

South Pacific; Porgy and Bess; Guys and Dolls; The Seven-Year Itch; Wish You Were Here
(On Tour) *New Faces; An Evening with Beatrice Lillie; Anna Lucasta*

COMPLETELY OBJECTION- ABLE:

Take a Giant Step; Tea and Sympathy; End as a Man; Picnic; Can-Can
(On Tour) *The Postman Always Rings Twice; Pal Joey; Maid in the Ozarks; Good Nite Ladies; Mister Roberts; I Am a Camera; Time of the Cuckoo*

The Sign's
PEOPLE
of the month



Photos by Jacques Lowe

Helene Iswolsky reads to Eastern Rite seminarians in class on Russian culture at Fordham University



Besides teaching at Fordham's Russian Institute, Helene does Russian broadcasts, some of which are beamed inside Soviet

● **LIFE** has been hectic at times for Helene Iswolsky, author, lecturer, Russian exile, and currently an instructor in Russian language and literature at Fordham University. The daughter of Alexander Iswolsky, Russian Foreign Minister under the Czar and later Ambassador to Paris for the democratic government of Alexander Kerensky before the Communist revolution took over her country, she has had to flee from both the Communists and the Nazis who had her blacklisted as a "dangerous intellectual."

A convert from Russian Orthodoxy, Helene is now active in the Catholic Eastern Rite. A constant writer on the subject of Church Unity, she approaches this movement on an intellectual level and frequently discusses it with such non-Catholic intellectuals as Reinhold Niebuhr and W. H. Auden, whom she numbers among her close friends. She emphasizes the need for "storming Heaven with prayers for Church Unity" during the world-wide celebration of Church Unity Octave held each year in January. She adds, "Every movement that will further the reunion of our dissident brethren with Rome is close to my heart."

Author of several books, including *Soviet Man Now*, *Light Before Dusk*, and *Soul of Russia*, she is firmly convinced that "the best weapon against Communism in Russia is the cultural and spiritual heritage of the Russian people."

● **WE**
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● **WHEN** James Patrick McGranery sat behind the desk of the Attorney General of the United States in April, 1952, at the behest of former President Harry Truman, he was warned by the previous occupant to "bring a pair of asbestos trousers with you." It was Mr. McGranery's coolly efficient way of handling "hot potatoes" like alleged corruption in the Department of Justice rather than any sudden drop in the temperature around Washington that proved the asbestos trousers unnecessary. He just did things the way he had always done them, thoroughly, dutifully, calmly, efficiently, and discovered that a palm beach suit took care of the heat problem in the oncoming summer of 1952 better than any asbestos suit.

The Attorney General's office was by no means new to McGranery. From 1943 to 1946, he served as the Assistant to the Attorney General, a post that involved supervising the activities of the Department of Justice, the Bureau of Immigration, the Bureau of Prisons, and the work of U.S. Attorneys and U.S. Marshals throughout the country. His performance in this job won him the Medal of Merit from President Truman in 1946. Shortly afterward, he was named Federal Judge for the U.S. District of Eastern Pennsylvania. McGranery has been around Washington since 1937 when he was elected to the House as Representative from Philadelphia.

Playing a large role in "Jim" McGranery's successful career is his wife Regina, who laid aside her own legal career, though not her legal mind, when they were married. As she herself puts it: "I took my oath of office with my marriage vows." Their marriage has been blessed with three children who have "McGranery" written all over their faces: James, Jr., twelve; Clark, ten; and Regina, seven.

For the McGranerys' devoted service to the Church, they have been thrice honored by the Holy Father: Mrs. McGranery with the *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice* award, and Mr. McGranery by being made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory and a Private Chamberlain of Cape and Sword.

Mr. McGranery echoes their shared conviction that Catholic public servants must be men and women of high principle when he declares with St. Thomas More that a man must be "his country's good servant, but God's first."



Photo by Bill Mark
Like Cornelia of old, McGranery poses with his "jewels"—James, Regina, and Clark

A big role in McGranery's career has been played by his wife Regina, an ex-lawyer
Acme photo





As she slipped across the snowy fields, the Star of Bethlehem shone down



by **DORAN HURLEY**

ILLUSTRATED BY EDDIE CHAN

Attendance at Dawn Mass was traditional in the town. But too many had forgotten the custom's origin and the heroic role played by "Mary the Bell"

IN the New England mill city of my boyhood, the Mass of most significance for us on Christmas Day was at five o'clock in the morning. Midnight Mass was not the custom. I recall the older people speaking of a special Mass at midnight to mark the turn of the century, but that was a very special time. The very important Mass on Christmas Day for my parents and my grandparents and those like them of their kin and friendship who had helped to build the church that is now a cathedral, but then was a lone Catholic chapel in a Protestant wilderness, was that in the early, wintry dawn.

The five o'clock Mass was a Solemn Mass, with the long train of little altar boys, who customarily only appeared at Grand Vespers after Sunday School. The full senior choir was augmented by the junior choir of the Children of Mary, which usually sang familiar hymns on Sunday at the Nine. It was always a very special Mass that the choirs sang, one that had been rehearsed for weeks, with the complete musical programme documented on special pages in the city's newspapers on Christmas Eve. The music seemed always a thing of glory that made you forget the icy church and the frost on your breath, quite different from the up-hill-and-down-dale pedestrianism of Marzo's Mass that was our usual Sunday fare. The candles on the altar seemed to glow brighter in their tall standards against the masses of green and the scarlet poinsettias. The fragrance from the fresh pine boughs that roofed the Christmas crib blended

with an especial pungency with the wreaths of incense that curled up from the censer.

In my memory there was always snow on the ground on Christmas morning, but the sky at dawn was clear and the stars still lingered. The Christmas star always shone with a holy brilliance. It was the first thing we looked for as we left the house and started down the hill over the crunching snow. Then, in the dim light, would come happy calls from shadowy groups like our own, all going our way; for there was only one reason to be abroad at that hour. "Merry Christmas, Mrs. Hurley. Merry Christmas, John. Merry Christmas, Mary." "Merry Christmas, Mrs. Conway." "Merry Christmas, Mrs. Crowley." "I wish you many." "Merry Christmas, everybody." "The same to you. The same to you." In the stillness and the crispness of the air, the voices and the greetings seemed to ring out with greater truth and sweetness. It was not for many years that I understood why the first Christmas Mass was at five o'clock and why it was celebrated with such solemnity, nor why attendance at it was so traditional among the older families of the parish. And even to this day, so many years after, I am a little shamed of the way I learned it.

AS in many Irish Catholic communities dating before and after the Great Starvation, most of our people came from one particular part of Ireland. The early-come-overs were invariably joined by Johnny-come-latelys from their own townlands, brothers and sisters, and cousins once and twice removed. Berehaven in West Cork was the townland across the green water most closely joined to us; this was O'Sullivan country. Sometimes it seemed that every other man or woman you would meet in a day's journey bore the name. There were infinitely more Sullivans than you could ever shake a stick at. Since our community held close to the more familiar saints' names at baptism, there were John and Mary and Joseph and Peter Sullivans galore. As in the old country, although it was done in a different Gaelic fashion there, nicknames cropped up to distinguish one John or Mary Sullivan from another of a different family. Tracing relationships was an old folks' genealogical pastime to which we as children paid not too close attention. Oh, we knew that "Johnny Shoes" meant the proprietor of Sullivan's Shoe Shop downtown; we knew that "Jack the Woman" meant the rather old-womanly patrolman on our beat, although the nickname bore no connotation of effeminacy; and there were one or two other sobriquets so constantly used that we

were well aware of them. Still we could not be up on all the variants of the Sullivans. Nor did we care. We had other more important things to think of: the game of "peggy" and baseball in a limited way; collecting cigarette pictures, smoking sweet corn tassels, huckleberrying in the summer and going for holly in the winter; and, of course, school, which had its own concerns.

I was a naïve child, with that especial innocence of a Catholic Irish child in a New England Protestant community, where the pious puritanism of our upbringing was much more austere than that of our neighbors. I had little guile. So it was more or less proudly that one day, late from school—I was in the third or fourth grade—I told Mother that I had been helping hurl stones at an old witch.

Mother, the gentlest of women, had always been very severe with us about mentioning or even appearing to notice anyone's physical deformity, whether lameness or bowed legs, a harelip, or a cleft palate. "Mocking means catching" was a phrase well drilled into us. But a witch. That surely was something else again. A witch was a thing of evil, a creature of the devil.

Even at the first, Mother was not pleased. When I carefully explained that it was only Crazy Mary, Gimp Mary—our boys' term for lameness—who lived in the old ramshackle cottage on Crab Pond down near the Iron Works, Mother seemed to shrink and fall away from me. Too late did I realize that it probably was one of those places that was out of bounds, but that you never heard about until you had



Try, Try Again

► A wealthy client had instituted a lawsuit but had to take an extended trip before the case came to trial.

About a week after his departure, his lawyer sent him a telegram, stating briefly, "Justice has triumphed."

Back from the client came the equally brief reply:

"Appeal immediately."

—Margaret E. Willis

gone there. But it was not that. The look on Mother's face held graver cause. I was frightened; not so much for myself as for her. I did not need to be; for in another instant her hand went slapping across my face, right and left. It was the first time that my mother had ever struck me.

"Mary the Bell! Mary the Bell!" cried my mother. "That a child of mine should ever raise his hand against Mary the Bell!" Then she burst into tears and froze up and gave me my supper coldly and silently, as though I were beneath her anger.

IT was a Friday night, I recall, when Mother went downtown to do the week's shopping. Down street, we called it. Her sister, gay and laughing Aunt Ann, soloist in the choir, whose two great specialties were the *Adeste* at the Christmas Mass and "Hail, Glorious Apostle" on the Sunday nearest Saint Patrick's Day, came always on Friday nights to mind us children and to sit with Grandmother Hurley, who lived with us and who had been blind and bedridden for years. Aunt Ann was full of fun. We children and Grandmother looked forward to those Friday evenings.

Both Grandmother and Ann commented that Mother had been upset as she left the house. "Tis I'm the care of her," said Grandmother sadly and softly. "T'would be blessing for her, Ann, my bright pulse, if God would only see fit to take me. She works too hard, the darling dear."

"Go 'long with you!" cried Aunt Ann at once. "What a way to greet me! You so doleful, and Doran there on the stool with a face as long as Lent. That I should give up my Friday nights to such ungrateful creatures! And the street outside my own house blocked with carriages filled with millionaires holding aloft five-pound boxes of chocolates and big bouquets; dying by the dozens for an hour of my company."

"They could travel farther and never do better," said Grandmother. "It will be the lucky man you give your hand to, my treasure. But what ails the lad? What is troubling you, my whiteheaded one?"

The whole shameful story poured out of me, of how I had thrown stones at a witch; and that it had made Mother cry because she said it was not a witch but Mary the Bell Sullivan.

There was silence. I think Aunt Ann might have begun a shocked scolding, for her temper was as quick as her laughter was gay; but Grandmother's frail hand, from which her horn Rosary was absent only during her simple meals, caught Ann's. "He didn't mean it," she said. "He wouldn't know. He couldn't know. Do you, *alanna*, make

it a lesson to him never wilfully to harm any of God's creatures by telling him Mary Sullivan's sad story. Mary Sullivan's holy, good story, indeed. Little Purgatory is it God is giving me here compared to that with which He is blessing poor Mary. For her greater glory; for her greater glory."

So it was that I heard the story of Mary the Bell Sullivan and why the five o'clock Christmas Mass was an especial tradition in our mill city.

LESS than a hundred years ago, Christmas was a common workday in our New England city. And the workday then was from six o'clock in the morning until six at night; or it might be from dawn to dusk, the period in which paring mill-owners need light no lamps to guide the carders and the spinners and the weavers at their work. In the days before unionism, summary dismissal and city-wide boycott were more often than not the fate of workers who did not show up on Christmas Day. More than that, especially bigoted mill-owners who looked upon Christmas Day as the most arrant of Popish festivals often changed the starting hours on Christmas Day to such an early hour that their Irish Catholic millhands would have to forego Mass or be dismissed for being late for work.

In our city, old Father Murphy, first priest of a parish that is now a great diocese, set the hour of the Christmas Mass at five o'clock to protect alike the faith of his people and their livelihood, harsh and poor as it was. Father Murphy was not a man anyone trifled with, whether in or out of his flock. The old people say that his favorite Scriptural phrase was: With my rod and my staff will I comfort ye. And that he took it literally to mean the stout ashplant he was never without. The mill-owners held him in rather awed respect. So six o'clock, as on other days, was the accepted time for factory bells to ring on Christmas Day; and often the bell-ringer held back his hand until he could see the dark lines of men and women hastening to the mill gates. For Father Murphy was careful to tell the people to cluster together on the way from church to the mills. Strength in numbers was his counsel. Even the most bigoted of mill-owners would hesitate to fire all his workers.

For years, there was no difficulty. Then came the rise of Know-Nothingism in the United States and its spread to our own city. That Christmas Eve, as the workers at the Massachusetts Mill, one of the largest, were filing out they got the cruel notice that the looms and spinning machines would start next morning at four o'clock; that there would be instant dismissal of any and

all workers not in their places at that hour. Old Gideon Mather, who claimed relationship to the vilely bigoted Cotton Mather, owned the mill. He was known in the city as the most rabid of the Know-Nothings, so rabid that it was generally felt he would be eager to cut off his nose to spite his face; to fire all his millhands and close down the mill to proclaim his hatred of Popery. Nevertheless, a little group of workers went to plead with him. His snarling answer was short. "You'll answer the bell. Any man or woman not in place and ready to work when I start the power at the second bell never works for me again. And I mean in place! Lateness is absence." He snorted contemptuously, "I'd close the mill for a holiday if any of you ever got here early."

The men in the little delegation were too filled with heartache to digest his last words, if they heard them at all. But a child has a literal mind; and Mary Sullivan, who had lingered behind with the men, was a child of twelve. She was a bobbin-girl, whose task was to supply spinners with empty bobbins. It was her first year of work.

ENTHUSIASM: Confidence in action.

Missing Mass on Christmas Day, and for the first time, was a greater calamity to her child's mind than her elders could know. So she had listened much more intently than the men. Every word that Gideon Mather spoke was pierced into her child's brain; for she felt that they were the words that were going to force her into committing the horrible thing, beyond salvation, that Father Murphy thundered against in Sunday School—MORTAL SIN!

It has not been handed down whether any of the men—or indeed, the women—went to Father Murphy. The old people were always very evasive about that, for I tracked out more of the story in the years after Aunt Ann first told it to me.

Whatever happened, no one told little Mary Sullivan about it. She was sent to bed after her meager Christmas Eve fasting meal; for one way or another a hard work day was ahead of her. It was in bed, too frightened at the enormity of her approaching sin to sleep, that the thought of a possible way to avert it came with Mary's troubled prayers. It came from Mather's final words. *I'd close the mill for a holiday if any of you ever got here early.*

Mary had no way of knowing the time. Clocks and watches were not for the likes of mill-workers, who lived by

the grace of another man's bell. She could only try to figure how long she had laid awake since her mother and grandfather had gone to their own beds. She forced herself to wait. Her child's mind, crafty in its simplicity, reasoned that even worried men and women must be long enough into sleep not to feel too hastily awakened for her plan to work. She said one Rosary, then another; then forced herself to say another. Then she silently dressed herself, took down her shawl, and slipped across the snowy fields. The Star of Bethlehem shone down.

For the mill hands of the Massachusetts Mill, never had the warning rising bell seemed to come so soon. Although they knew it was half past three in the morning rather than half past five, it seemed to all of them that they had hardly dropped off to sleep before its clanging awoke them. Hazily they dressed, soggy with fatigue, and made their way wearily across the fields to the mill. Numbed in mind and body through tiredness and worry, they filed to their places in the dark mill, too beaten in spirit to wonder how they could operate their machines in the gloom. They waited for the bell in the mill tower to sound again and the power to start.

THE bell rang out, and if it was a weak and feeble clanging no one noticed; for the power did not start. Nor was there the evilly triumphant voice of Gideon Mather jeering behind them in the aisles. Rightfully jeering, so many of them felt, for had they not placed mammon before God—and on the very night of the Saviour's birth.

The bell's sound ended, and the wait persisted. The power did not start. Then a man, bolder than his fellows, went to Mather's office. At the foot of the narrow iron ladder going up to the belfry lay Mary Sullivan. Her linsey-woolsey dress was torn and covered with blood. Her legs were twisted beneath her and her arm was gashed. Icy air blew in from a broken window. As the man bent over her, her thin child's voice screamed at him.

"Are you all here? Then go home, go home! For it's a holiday. The boss man said so. If you came early. And you did, you did! For I rung the bell early—early! Go home! Go home! And go to Mass! He said so. He said he'd close the mill for a holiday if you came early. And you did! I made you! Early—early! And no mortal sin."

For all their enveloping tiredness, there were quick enough wits finally to fill in the story behind Mary Sullivan's disjointed cries before pain overcame her. There was no one at the mill when the early sound of his own fa-

miliar bell penetrated to the ears of Gideon Mather, lying in uneasy sleep in his house far up the hill; and he had dressed, hitched his horse, and furiously driven down to find what miscreants were at work at two o'clock in the morning.

Oh, there was someone; but no one ever knew who it was. For someone lay in wait for Gideon Mather and gave him a thunderous beating. It was said that he lay abed for days with bruises.

THEY say there was something strange and holy in the way Father Murphy said Mass that Christmas morning at five o'clock. The little frame church was crowded with the men and women from the Massachusetts Mill, their tiredness forgotten in their excitement, and their fellows from the Metacomet and the Granite and the White Mill. The holiness was in the celebrating of the Mass; the strangeness in the sermon after last Gospel. Father Murphy's alternate vehemence and quiet, discerning ones said, was almost that of a disturbed and angry man trying to give his own soul peace as well as impart the Christmas peace to others. He spoke of the Christmas message in terms of "a little Child shall lead them" and of "peace to men of good will." But he was savage in stressing "good will;" and, oddly on Christ's Eve, broke into a harangue against hypocritical sinners, against Scribes and Pharisees in high places.

At the end of his sermon, he peremptorily ordered, in a voice like God's thunder, every man, woman, and child in the parish to abstain from work that Christmas Day. Of his priestly right, he thundered, he would refuse absolution to any who dared disobey. No one need fear, he told the awestruck congregation. He may have been a recreant

shepherd; but from then on, not his flock, but the wolves that preyed upon them would feel his pastoral crook. And then, so gently, with his voice breaking, he ordered that in every household the Rosary be said at the noon Angelus, and in the church, of his leading, at five o'clock in the afternoon—"for a gentle child."

It was for Mary Sullivan—Mary the Bell, she was called in loving pride from that time on. The slash in her arm that came when she broke the window to enter the mill healed in time, although that right arm was ever afterward withered and thin. But she had broken both hips when she fell from the top of the narrow ladder, exhausted after winding the bell which was rung not by a rope but by a heavy iron handle. Mary Sullivan, whom the weavers and spinners that she served used to call "The Hare" because of her darting fleetness, limped along into life with a horrible twisted lameness.

They say, the old ones, that Father Murphy arranged for the cottage on Crab Pond by the Iron Works, where finally her grandfather and her mother died, leaving Mary Sullivan alone. It was said a little pension went along with it in Father Murphy's time but was forgotten later.

It was years later that this story ended, in a way that permitted me partly to redeem my childish fault. Christmas Day was on a Sunday that year. As a cub reporter, I had the lone afternoon watch in the city room. So it was I who got the telephone call from one of the Undertaker Sullivans that a Mary Sullivan had died at the Old Folks' Home. If it had been any of the other reporters, the meager obituary facts would have been jotted down, typed into a paragraph, and later squeezed into an odd type corner. But

somehow I asked, almost quizzically, the familiar city question, "What Sullivan would *she* be?" The bored answer came, "Nobody you'd know. Just one of the stray Sullivans. They used to call her Mary the Bell—or some such thing." The undertaker hung up.

Tom McDonald, the city editor, dropped in a little later to find me banging away at the typewriter in furious excitement. "Don't tell me war has been declared or the President shot," he said, "I only left the house a few minutes ago." He shook his head ruefully at me when I said, "An obit;" but when I pressed my copy on him and stammeringly kept adding details, he took fire as I did. "By Jimminy," he said, "We'll see that old woman gets the finest funeral this city has ever known. We'll make it worthy of her. Call up the Bishop!"

MARY Sullivan's story was front page news in the paper that Monday. The Bishop, himself, said the funeral Mass in the Cathedral on Tuesday, the cathedral that had replaced the little wooden frame church of Father Murphy's pastorate; and he, or his chancellor must have been busy on the telephone, too, for there was not a monsignor nor permanent pastor in the diocese who was not in the sanctuary. The Bishop preached no eulogy at the Mass; but most unusually, he went to the cemetery and himself read the final commitment prayers. And at their close, he stepped close to the grave and called out, "Merry Christmas, Mary Sullivan. Merry, merry Christmas. As we say it to you on earth, so the angels are saying it to you in heaven. Merry, merry Christmas, Mary Sullivan." Then he turned about and said to us, quietly, "The nuns tell me she died at the stroke of twelve on Christmas Eve. It is an old tradition that the doors of heaven are open for all who are called by God at that time."

Then when my Aunt Ann started to sing the *Dies Irae*, he called to her, "No. *Adeste Fideles*." It was hardly ended, when the great steam whistle of the Massachusetts Mill began blowing in mournful blasts, one for each of Mary Sullivan's years. In God's own time, the ownership had come into the hands of the grandson of a man to whom Mary Sullivan had skipped gaily with her bobbins. But most touching of all for me, as I rode back in the hack with Aunt Ann, was her casual remark, as if I had known, "I'm so glad your mother went to Father Fogarty *that night* and had her placed in the Old Folks' Home. The Sisters took such care of her." In a heart at peace I said with the Bishop, "Merry, merry Christmas, Mary the Bell Sullivan."

SONG FOR A MOTHER

by WINIFRED CORRIGAN, R.C.

*O Patrick's fire
And Roland's horn,
Hush till my babe
Is truly born.*

*O Abraham be
Thy feasting screened
Until the child
Is really weaned.*

*O lamps of Prudence
Yet be trimmed
Until the blue
Young eyes are dimmed*

*And God distends
The womb of earth*

*And spirit stirs
To nobler birth*

*And Eve lies still
Past pain and hap
And Abel crown
In Mary's lap*

*And saints rejoice
And angels laugh:
Then I the christening
Wine may quaff*

*And Christ shall smile
With me and say:
"A child is born
To Us today."*

NEW YORK CITY
ANTI CRIME COMMITTEE

GRAVEYARD FOR RACKETEERS

by ALONZO TIER



The front office of the New York City Anti-Crime Committee is as placid looking as a loan office

Dan Coleman

For the first time in any publication, The Sign tells the exclusive story of the inner workings of a committee of New York citizens who know how to make crime unprofitable

THE cemetery for racketeers is a good address: 270 Park Avenue, New York City. To see it you walk up a flight of stairs and into a cavernous gray office carpeted with bottle-green broadloom. It doesn't look like a graveyard. Nor even a funeral parlor. Yet it is here that the demise of such chronically disreputable characters as Frank Costello, Joe Fay, Longie Zwillman, Joe Adonis, Albert Anastasia, and many others is patiently plotted.

This is the New York City Anti-Crime Committee, a name which no one seems

to like and which most people call the Crime Committee. It has no judicial standing whatever, no subpoena power; no official standing in the City of New York; it cannot indict or try, summon or dismiss, arrest or detain. It is composed of private citizens of New York City who, like The Shadow of radio fame, are out to expose organized criminals without exposing themselves.

It was organized three years ago by Spruille Braden, onetime Ambassador to Argentina, onetime Assistant Secretary of State. Anyone with a first name

like Braden's had to learn to fight early, and Braden has never been known to duck a fight. In January 1951, he had retired in favor of the sedentary life of a consulting engineer when he noticed that the newspapers were full of accounts of the activities of the Kefauver Committee in New York plus sordid accounts of the bookie and police trials in Brooklyn.

Like many another citizen, Braden was stunned to learn that he was not living in a peaceful city at all; that a vast organization of gangsters, policemen, politicians, and civic officials were in a secret combine designed to milk millions of dollars from the public through extortion, bribery, rigged prices, thievery, and blackmail. Guesses—some of them poor and exaggerated—have been made regarding how much of New York's money goes to the racketeers

33-51
JOSEPH BRADEN
FROM SERIAL NO. 1
TO . . .

30-0
SUB-1
WATERFRONT CRIMINALS
FROM SERIAL NO. 1
TO . . . 200

65-17
JOSEPH PAY
FROM SERIAL NO. 1
TO SERIAL NO.

11-10
DALLAS CRIME COMM.
FROM SERIAL NUMBER
TO . . .

33-29 VOLUME 2
CARTANO LUGGERS
FROM SERIAL NO. 1
TO . . . 114

65-0
BULLDOZING TRADING RACKETEERS
FROM SERIAL NO.
TO SERIAL NO.



Don Coleman
Capt. James Hamilton of Los Angeles (holding book) exchanges data on known criminals with members of the New York City Anti-Crime Committee

each year, but perhaps you can make a better estimate when you learn that, in Brooklyn alone, the racketeers paid out ten million a year just for "protection" from the law. Brooklyn is one borough out of five.

A group of prominent New Yorkers decided to do something about it. They met and elected Spruille Braden chairman. He was aroused and he aroused others. The Anti-Crime Committee was the culmination of this anger. Friends, rich and poor, poured money into the Committee. And yet, what comes in to help the cause each year amounts to about 1 per cent of what the Mob Men of Brooklyn pay in bribes. Braden wasn't interested in the casual burglar or even the casual murderer. He wanted to get the top men in the big and complex underworld which spreads across the face of America. And his first credo was: "Don't start from the bottom up. Start from the top down."

A noble aspiration, you say. A fine ideal. The criminals are organized but we, the public, are not. New York City already has more law enforcement officers than it can use. It has an 18,000-man police force, five district attorneys with staffs of detectives and investigators and lawyers; a big FBI office with agents, two Treasury Department agencies, a Customs Bureau with investigators, a Bureau of Internal Revenue. What good then, to have one more agency? And especially an amateur one with no official blessing?

These questions, sensible in the extreme, didn't stop Braden. He set up the Crime Committee and hired James D. Walsh, a tough, self-effacing prosecutor to run it. Walsh selected a staff of eight persons. Five are investigators and lawyers. Three are stenographers. It doesn't sound like much—in fact, it doesn't sound like *anything*—when you consider the thousands of men in the New York city dock rackets, the union rackets, the fur industry rackets, and the building and race track rackets. But it works like the small thumbscrew in your automobile carburetor: a quarter turn to the right and a big engine chokes and dies.

JIM Walsh is "manager" of the Crime Committee. A slender dynamic hand-waver, he is forty-three, and was, in turn, a city cop, a lawyer, assistant U. S. attorney, counsel at the Nuremberg trials, and co-counsel with Rudolph Halley to the Kefauver Committee.

Assisting Walsh are John O'Mara, who is chief investigator and who, as an FBI man, worked in the field of Soviet espionage; William Keating, staff counsel, a big, hearty graduate of New York University Law School who, as New York County assistant district attorney in the Homicide and Rackets Bureau, had more than a nodding acquaintance with murder (Keating was the man who prepared the case against the notorious waterfront killer, Cockeye Dunn, and sent him to the electric

chair); Robert Greene, twenty-seven, a Hollywood-handsome newspaper reporter turned investigator, who assured the Jesuits of Fordham that he was going out into the world to teach English; and one investigator who cannot be mentioned by name or background.

That's the Crime Committee.

The way they work to bury the top racketeers of New York is simple and yet painfully patient. They keep files on 110 of the big boys. Having seen the files, *THE SIGN* correspondent can tell you that a look at them ought to be worth a million dollars to any of the men whose dossiers are in them. These files are hotter than the hinges of you-know-what. Each contains, first of all, a fairly complete biography of a racketeer, age, address, background, education, family life, dependents, personal habits, idiosyncrasies, etc. All of that is on one page. On the succeeding pages, the workup begins. It tells what racket the man is in and how he works his racket. If he's a labor extortioner, for example, it tells who paid him money, how much, when, and for what purpose. It also lists all of his legitimate business enterprises, and don't think that racketeers aren't in legitimate business. They take bad money and put it to good use—the idea being that, after they have made a pile, they want to get out of the rackets and into something respectable.

The file goes on to state the man's favorite restaurant, the type of car he



D. J. Zehnder
Investigator Robert Greene gathers information from longshoreman. Labels from files surround pictures

drives, where he bought it, and how much he paid for it; the size of the mortgage on his house; a listing of all phone calls he has made which cost ten cents or more, to whom, and, quite often, what the conversation was about. It is in this section that the jaded brow gets lifted, because it is always a source of astonishment to learn that notorious racketeers call mayors and police commissioners and other civic officials. After that come the statements of the small fry in the racket: the men who will someday testify to the criminal activities of the boss. Often, there is also a financial statement showing that the racketeer spent sixty or seventy thousand above what he tells the world he earned.

These files are time bombs. They tick slowly and silently for days and weeks and months, sometimes for years. When they explode, the debris showers gangsters and district attorneys and police officials alike. The public demands to know why the cops didn't break the case or why the district attorney didn't prosecute long ago.

THIS, in turn, leads to a little friction between the Crime Committee and law enforcement agencies, though nowhere near as much as you might infer. Neither the cops nor the D.A.'s can afford to spend thousands of man-hours on a racketeer who may someday be a case for prosecution. The law is concerned with crimes of the present.

If the racketeer kills or extorts today, and it comes to their attention, they will do their duty quickly and willingly. But if it is known that he merely bought stock in a racetrack, he cannot be arrested or tried for that, even though all hands know that, sometime in the future, he will pervert that track to his own uses.

That's a job for the Crime Committee. Take the case of Mr. Joseph Fay. He was a union racketeer and a big one. About five years ago, the cops and the D.A. sent him off to Sing Sing. He was filed and forgotten after being sentenced to 7½-to-15 years. The case was closed.

Quietly, noiselessly, the Crime Committee watched Joey. They soon became convinced, by adding two and two, that Mr. Fay was running his business schemes from a cell. They also obtained a list of his visitors and whistled a little when they found that mayors, senators, and one lieutenant-governor were among those who made the pilgrimage to Sing Sing. After Fay, a humble, repentant figure, came up for parole, a labor leader named Thomas E. Lewis was murdered in The Bronx. The Crime Committee stepped in with its favorite weapon—the newspapers. It called reporters in and gave them a quick look at the file on Fay and the headlines caused Governor Thomas E. Dewey to transfer Fay to the dim dungeon of Dannemora and the parole board turned Fay down.

Until now, the Crime Committee has used the press as its spotlight on organized crime. When the time bomb is ready, the reporters are given a look at the file involved and, when the morning papers hit the street, police commissioners and district attorneys take one look and begin to move.

IN general, the idea of a crime committee of citizens is not a new one. You will find them in Miami, Dallas, Chicago, Kansas City, Burbank, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, and New Orleans. In progressive cities like Los Angeles and Denver, there are adjuncts to the police department called "Intelligence Divisions." These cops do not work on daily crime. Like Captain James E. Hamilton, distinguished head of the Los Angeles Intelligence Division, they work on case histories of known racketeers, building them up day by day and month by month until they are ready to crack down.

However, something new has been added to the crime committee story. Like crime, these city groups decided to organize. They are now called the National Association of Citizens Crime Commissions, and they exchange information like so many stock exchanges.

ALONZO TIER, freelance writer, is the author of many magazine articles and several books and also served on the editorial staff of some of the large secular publications.

Recently, when Captain James E. Hamilton came to New York, he stopped at the Crime Committee and sat for hours with New York's James Walsh exchanging information. Walsh had some intelligence on Los Angeles racketeers and Hamilton had a few pieces of mosaic to give to Walsh. Virgil Peterson, of the Chicago Crime Committee, stops in often to give-and-take.

The wealth of information which is gathered every day does not come from the Crime Committee's paid investigators skulking in doorways watching. Only specifically needed information is gathered that way. The bulk of it comes from paid informers, volunteer informers, ex-convicts, police officials with a gripe, cops on a beat, newspaper reporters, editors, members of unions, irate wives and equally irate ex-girl friends. One of the best sources of information in New York is a burglar who robs only the homes of racketeers (on the theory that they are the least likely to complain).

IF you had mentioned the name John Dioguardia two years ago, chances are that the Crime Committee would have given you a blank stare. No one knew anything about him. The record showed only that he was convicted of labor extortion. A man can live that down if he wants to. Johnny "Dio's" mistake was to acquire a local charter from the United Automobile Workers Union. In itself, there is nothing dishonest about that, but it was enough to cause the Committee to start a file on Johnny. He didn't know it, but his file now rubbed shoulders with the big shots of crime.

Investigators were sent out and informers were called in and, in a short time, the Crime Committee knew everything that Johnny did from the moment he removed his pajamas in the morning until he put them on at night. Although he wasn't making much money, he had a Cadillac and a second car. He also owned two houses. Although, in this one case, there was no direct evidence of criminal intent, the Crime Committee learned that, while Johnny Dio was a hep labor man on the one hand, he was also in the garment industry and operated nonunion shops. They turned the spotlight on Johnny, and the UAW (A.F. of L.) revoked his charter to organize a union local.

The files, by any standard, are fascinating. They stand in big green cabinets and they are keyed in by a card index numbering 14,000. These cards, for example, not only tell you where to find the complete dope on Joey the Lug, including biography, criminal record, etc., but also the numbers of nine-

teen other files in which Joey the Lug can be found consorting with other known criminals.

If you looked up file 30-4, you would find that it is called WATERFRONT-JERSEY. In it are the names and rackets of all the leading figures on the Jersey side of the Port of New York. It starts with a history of Flat-Top Maschucci, who has had the misfortune of being legally nailed fourteen times, down to The Hat Chiarello. File 30-5 is labeled WATERFRONT-HOMICIDES, 30-6 is called WATERFRONT-LOADING RACKET, 30-3 is WATERFRONT-STATEN ISLAND, 30-2 is WATERFRONT-BROOKLYN, 30-1 is WATERFRONT-MANHATTAN, and 30-0 is WATERFRONT-GENERAL.

The public will read about all of this, and the public will do nothing about it because Mr. and Mrs. America cannot see how it affects them. The Crime Committee of New York is now



Taking No Chances

► A new cook and a new maid began service the same day in a rectory. The cook was worried about the clerical reaction to her food.

As soon as the maid returned to the kitchen, the cook queried:

"Did they say anything about the food?"

"No, ma'am," the maid replied. "But they sure prayed a long time before they started to eat it!"

—Edward Griffin

ready to prove that apathy doesn't pay.

Last Summer, when a dock-loading union refused to unload barges laden with perishable fruits and vegetables, it cost millions of housewives an enormous sum of money. The loaders demanded \$100 extra for unloading each vessel. This was extortion, but the shipper was caught. If he didn't capitulate within three days, his produce would start to rot. He knew it; the union knew it. He surrendered.

This led to a strange situation. In New Haven, Connecticut, apples were selling at 9½ cents a pound. In New York, the same apples cost 12 cents a pound. The hike in prices, between New Haven and New York—75 miles

apart—also affected tomatoes, corn, beets, and so forth. The New York housewife was paying the racketeer.

What makes the union racketeer particularly loathsome is that he also preys on his own men. For years, dock workers have been accustomed to working in what is called a toothpick gang. The longshoremen have no steady jobs. They are hired every morning anew by gang bosses. If a gang boss needs 23 men and sixty show up, he looks for the men who have toothpicks sticking behind their ears. The toothpick is a sign that the man is willing to pay the boss \$3 a day for the right to work.

If the worker runs short of money before payday, he is directed to an approved loan shark, who hangs around the pier waiting to lend money. Approved means that the union bosses own the loan shark business. From the shark, the worker can borrow \$10 until payday. For this, he must pay back \$12. This rate of interest amounts to 1,040 per cent per year. To make sure he collects, the loan shark pockets the worker's brass paycheck, collects the wages himself, takes his money, and gives the workman whatever is left.

It is because of these practices that the Crime Committee is incessantly focused on waterfront rackets. Mike Clemente of the Longshoremen's Union was practically unknown before the Committee flicked the publicity spotlight on him. Now he is under indictment. Ed Florio was a union boss known only to a few politicians. Now he is in the Federal penitentiary. The International Longshoremen's Association itself was one of the biggest groups in organized labor. Last Fall, it was tossed out of the American Federation of Labor.

UNSATISFIED, the Crime Committee urged the governors of the states of New York and New Jersey to do something to insure that, when a racketeer was buried from 270 Park Avenue, another did not grow up in his place. This was in 1951. The governors—Dewey of New York and Driscoll of New Jersey—set up state crime commissions to dig up the waterfront crime sewage. When the governors saw the findings, they set up a permanent body called the Bi-State Waterfront Commission, which now works closely with the Crime Committee to keep the Port of New York clean.

Braden knows that the committee's work—like that of the average mother—is never done. He has no illusion that his Crime Committee will end organized crime in New York. His hope is to hammer it down to such an irreducible minimum that it will be hard—even for his committee—to find.



A Few Christmas Stories

I SUPPOSE I know a hundred or more Christmas stories, some of which I've lived or otherwise experienced, some of which have been told me.

The story of little Sou-Sou is one of my favorites.

Little Sou-Sou was one of the packs of boys that have always roamed Paris, begging, stealing, fighting, living somehow, emerging out of the shadows to which most return older and none the wiser, the loose ends of a great and wondrous city.

It was in Paris, after Midnight Mass, and Monsieur Sou-Sou was huddled against an abutment in the outer church wall, taking accurate stock of each worshiper as he or she passed. He apparently decided I'd be an easy, quick conquest and one glance of his enormous eyes, dark, soft, shy but friendly, showed how very right he was.

I was his immediate captive and slave.

It turned out that my small French friend was a thief, however, a specialist in expensive fountain pens, no less, with a stock of several dozen stashed behind a nearby drainpipe. He thought he might sell me one or two but, failing that, finally tried to give me one, all in the Spirit of Christmas, I suppose. I declined and pleaded gently with young Sou-Sou to mend his ways, although I'm afraid this left him more confused than anything else.

It was his life; it was all he knew, my poor little Sou-Sou, and I'll never forget him.

Other Christmas stories in other places have been happier.

I've heard many of these throughout Canada, where bowls of delicious, steaming, creamy oyster stew are a tradition after Midnight Mass, and, though it may sound strange to one who has never had the experience, a big, hot bowl of oyster stew under the right circumstances can inspire and stimulate

a great deal of story-telling, far, far into the following day, even.

The Cajuns of Louisiana's Evangeline country are great story-tellers, too, with a fund of material of all kinds, and this is as it should be, since they live in a story-book land.

Some day I must put into words their famous and beloved "broom dance"—have you ever heard of it?—which is to their young people what Christmas mistletoe is to other young people in many parts of the world.

NEW York has its stories, too, many of them, funny, foolish, tragic, sad, bad, glad stories, as befits a city of teeming millions.

The one out of all the New York stories that stays in my mind at the moment is about the girl, vain and prideful beyond her years, who insisted on the very highest pair of high heels for Christmas. She got them all right and, being unused to and not old enough for such foppery, fell as she took her first step, upset and ruined the Christmas tree, and broke a leg in the bargain!

This same young lady who actually broke a leg falling off her high heels is a big show-business star today, and the bitter lesson—also very funny at this distance—she learned about herself that Christmas many years ago was probably her most important asset along the way.

Another of my special favorites is the story of Christmas, 1776, the real birthday of America, when General Washington surprised and captured Trenton and in one swift, sure stroke broke the power of his beloved country's enemies.

In its way, its secular way, I like to think this story parallels the original Christmas story, in which a Saviour was born to show men the way to salvation, a light amidst darkness, a new, eternal hope in a world of despair.

In the Christmas story of America, a

new nation was born to the world, a nation destined to serve as an inspiration, a guide, a beacon to all men who yearn to live freely under God, a nation destined to represent at the political and governmental level so many of the things represented in the spiritual realm by the sweet Babe of Bethlehem.

In this connection, I've often noticed that no Christmas story can approach the fascination and interest of the original; the closer to it a story comes, however, the greater its own fascination and interest.

Consider, as a case in point, the story of Christmas and Miguel Augustin Pro, the great Mexican Jesuit.

A hunted man in his own country during the years of persecution, Father Pro was just finishing Midnight Mass in the home of friends one Christmas night when the hurried sound of feet outside the front door signaled the arrival of police.

FATHER Pro gathered his few personal and priestly belongings and reversed Santa Claus by going up the chimney. Over the roof-tops and into a waiting getaway car he went, but the police had studied the elusive priest's methods beforehand and were never very far behind.

Father Pro's driver was a good one, who knew the winding streets of the small Mexican town, but so did the police. Finally, when escape seemed impossible, and as Father Pro's car turned a corner, the priest threw himself from it, grabbed a passing girl, and pretended to flirt with her under a street lamp.

In seconds, the police car careened around the corner and Father Pro looked up.

"*Feliz Navidad*," he waved cheerfully to his scowling pursuers.

"*Feliz Navidad*," they waved curtly, stiffly, brusquely, as they sped past.

"Merry Christmas."

The night was bleak, but Saunders felt no despair. For there was always tomorrow. And the Island with its comfort and security would await his and Myra's return

The ISLAND

by James A. Dunn



"The trouble with you is you got no imagination"

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ALL afternoon there had been the threat of snow in the raw wind and now, as Saunders left his work, bits of sleet began to sting his face. Absently he heard the clong . . . bong . . . dong of a distant bell. Out on Nausett Ledge there was a buoy which rolled perpetually in the swell that surged over the rocks below. The storm was making in from the east, but in the west cove the lobster boats were safe.

Saunders did not mind the bite of the freezing wind, but it was a night to make a man look forward to the comfort of a snug fireside. On the island there was security. To a mainlander the island might seem bleak and exposed, but it was protected from the world by the miles of water which isolated it. Twice a week the mailboat brought the newspapers and at almost any time the radio would cackle out its ominous news for anyone who cared to listen, but on the island there was always peace and simple plenty.

Everyone always had a few lobsters in his pound for his own use; clams could be dug whenever the tide was low; there were fish in the sea. Up at the far end of the island, where it broadened into rolling moors, there were partridge and pheasants and rabbits. Most of the fishermen cultivated enough land to give them fresh fruits and vegetables in the summer, and the women canned the surplus for the winter's needs.

Saunders thought of Myra in the autumn, busy in the kitchen, fragrant with spices and the smell of driftwood burning in the big old-fashioned black stove. He thought of all the talents she had. Many of the wives were content to apply heat to whatever food was at hand and to dump it on an oilcloth-covered table, but he pictured Myra going about her work with the same fastidious attention to detail that any artist lavishes on his work. And yet, as he thought of her, she was not one of those women who become slaves to a house. Most of the island women married young and settled quickly into matronly competence. But Myra, he told himself, remained as young and vibrant as she had been when he had first brought her to the island.

Not many women could enjoy going out in a lobster boat, but Myra could stand the rolling and pitching as well as any man. He recalled crisp autumn days, shooting with her on the moors, when he had paused to watch her silhouetted against the sky, the sea wind whipping her skirts about her.

The wind clawed at him more savagely but it only enhanced the comfort to which he thought of going. The drowsy relaxation of sitting before the fire and watching the green and blue and orange flames of the burning driftwood, while Myra finished preparations for the evening meal, was one of the pleasantest hours of the day.

He thought of the kind of supper he liked best. First they would have chowder with the clean salt taste of the sea still on the clams. Then lobsters. Probably they would be stuffed and baked, the meat skillfully removed, mixed with various savory ingredients, then carefully replaced in the shell and put back into the oven to cook until the top was a golden crusty brown, sealing in the flavor that the first forkful would release. They might have Delmonico Potatoes—that kind seemed to go best with lobster. Two or three of the vegetables preserved from his own garden. And deep dish apple pie with thick heavy cream poured over the flaky crust.

Afterward he would have three or four cups of clear strong coffee with his cigarettes. The effete on the mainland who grubbed out an existence in shops or offices might have to avoid evening coffee, but a man who spent his days on the shore or out among the lobster pots on the ledges had no trouble sinking into easy sleep in the untroubled quiet of the island.

After the dishes were washed, Myra would join him before the fire and they would talk of the simple happenings of the day. He pictured her, her face aglow in the firelight, leaning forward to discuss something with eager interest while he smoked a last meditative pipe.

LOST in his thought, he had paid no attention to the path he had followed. As he came into the glare of the overhead sign, reluctantly and with a sickening sense of surrendering to reality, he emerged from the dream world he had been inhabiting back into the existence from which he had retreated.

He was at the steps of Joe's Diner. The harsh clarity of the neon sign threw into ugly relief the sordid neighborhood. The brutal light drained the color from the faces of the passersby so that their features had the look but not the serenity of death.

Saunders entered the diner. Two or three men were hunched on stools near the door. He went to the other end of the counter where he could sit alone. He sat staring at a pool of spilled coffee before him until Joe left the grill and

with a dirty rag half-wiped up the stain.

"The regular dinner?" Joe asked.

Saunders glanced at the sign on the wall. BLUE PLATE SPECIAL. BRAISED BEEF. POT. VEG. COFFEE. 85¢.

He nodded.

Joe ladled up a few lumps of dreary looking meat, a spoonful of mashed potato, and a serving of sodden turnip from the steam table. He splashed a ladle of gravy carelessly over the meat. He set the plate before Saunders and turned to draw a cup of coffee from the urn. As he put it on the counter, the coffee slopped over into the saucer.

HE stood in silence while Saunders took a few indifferent bites of food, then he asked, "What's the story?"

"The same one."

"You're a sucker."

"I know."

"She's gone again?"

"Yes. To take the cure—again."

"Listen. I know Myra's my own cousin but you're the one that's gettin' the dirty deal. Why don't you pull out? You've done everything you could."

"I married her," Saunders said simply.

"Yeah, you married her. And she was different then. And so was you. You had it good out on the island."

"I know that. Myra tried to like it too. She did for a couple of years. Then things began to get tough. She said the loneliness got her. Things got worse. I thought if I brought her back here where she was brought up she might be different."

"Yeah. She is. She's worse."

"I know."

"Maybe it's too late for her, but it ain't for you. Nobody could blame you if you went back."

Saunders silently shook his head.

Joe looked at him in exasperation. "The trouble with you is" . . . he searched for the adequate word . . . "the trouble with you is you got no imagination. She's got you so down you can't see beyond this condemned town."

Saunders stirred his coffee. "I still got some hope," he said. "I think lately she's been trying to help herself—a little."

Mechanically, he finished the congealing mass on his plate, drank the muddy coffee, and lighted a cigarette. In the railroad yards at the edge of the town the bell on a shifting engine tolled slowly. In the heavy air it sounded very much like the bell on a buoy rolling in the heaving sea.



Martha Raye—funniest woman alive?



NICE PEOPLE—George Burns and Gracie Allen, husband and wife in real life, are tops among broadcasting's veteran teams



MARKsman—Mark Stevens, fourth Martin Kane in popular NBC series, succeeding William Gargan, Lloyd Nolan, and Lee Tracy, in that order

Radio and Television

by **JOHN LESTER**

ONE of the cleverest and most interesting tele-series to take to the air in some time is called *Inspiration, Please* and is produced by Father Patrick Peyton.

It debuted at different times on different stations throughout the country in recent weeks, and its format is simple: historical figures tell the meaning of faith and prayer in their lives and in their own words.

The series—actually one-minute "spots"—is on film and is furnished free of charge to any and all stations requesting it as a public service. The films are produced by Father Peyton's "Family Theatre" and, as is the case with everything of this nature that Father Peyton does, all actors, writers, directors, and other technicians have co-operated to keep costs at the lowest possible level.

The series began with Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, Queen Victoria, Dr. Alexis Carrel, Patrick Henry, Louis Pasteur, Marconi, Joseph Haydn, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Teresa of Avila, and Capt. Mort Thompson, of the U.S.

Marine Corp, among others. The latter, a contemporary, tells of his experience with prayer at Okinawa.

More historical figures will be added if these catch on, and I don't see how they can miss. The idea is a good one and it's cleverly and professionally presented.

Try and catch this series if you can and see if you don't agree.

Little Girl Great

Milton Berle says Martha Raye, nee Margaret (Maggie) Teresa O'Reed, is the funniest woman alive.

This is a tribute I've wanted to pay Martha Raye for a long time but it's difficult to say, since laughter and fun, among the most intangible of the intangibles, are nearly impossible to measure and define.

I think it's safe to say, though, that she's the most thorough performer of all the comedienne on TV at the moment, and they include the brilliant Fran Allison, that wonderful pixie, Imogene Coca, Joan Davis, and Lucille Ball, to

mention four leaders. The one in that group who comes closest to Miss Raye is Miss Coca—and there's no doubt of her greatness—but I think Martha's fabulous, blasting, apparently unlimited energy and really excellent singing voice give her a decided edge.

Her tremendous sentimental appeal and amazing projection of warmth and heart, in addition to a seemingly rubberized face and a fine sense of comic timing, certainly make her the most accomplished clown of that foursome, which is to say the greatest feminine clown in the world, and I don't see how there can be any doubt about that.

Martha is also an accomplished dramatic actress, however, an extremely talented mimic, a splendid musical comedy performer, and an outstanding musician with a voice that only our best feminine singing stars can equal. But the best thing she does is change from a mood of raucous, elemental slapstick to one of quiet, almost tearful tenderness, from loud-mouthed buffoonery to smooth love ballad or gripping torch song, all accomplished without so

much as a stray giggle from the studio audience.

There's only one way to such control as this, only one way to turn several thousand howling, squealing, belly-laughing individuals into a hushed, awed audience that thinks and feels as one person in the fraction of a second, and that way is genius.

There is no other way.

Scene Stealer

The real news in broadcasting today, black-and-white and even color TV notwithstanding, is radio, and make no mistake about it.

The kind of radio we've known for the past 30-odd years is dead and an entirely new concept is forming. This concept will grow and develop in this country, but the real progress in radio will take place outside the United States, where the medium is still in its infancy.

The story is better told by means of a few figures: The United States has about 120,000,000 radio sets in operation and the rest of the world combined has about as many.

Russia and its satellites with about 16,000,000 sets—Russia proper has about 6,500,000—and England with about 12,600,000 are numerical seconds to the United States. Other late figures show about 12,000,000 radios in Germany, about 8,100,000 in France, and about 2,950,000 in Italy.

It has been estimated that Europe needs a minimum of 25,000,000 more radios to raise its level to what we Americans consider even reasonable. Other millions are still needed in Central and South America, where radio is really on the march, as well as many, many millions more throughout

China, India, and other Asiatic countries where almost constant warfare and language difficulties have stunted and handicapped the growth of broadcasting.

It is in these areas outside the United States that the really great story of radio will some day be written, and it is being slowly, almost painfully, begun now. It'll be a whopper when it's finished, something I may not live to see, but it will end when person-to-person radio between points anywhere in the world is an established and practiced fact and a man's own, personal radio is as much a part of him as his pocket-handkerchief.

Old Family, New Version

Life With Father has finally arrived on the TV scene and it's generally the same humorous story of a well-bred New York family of redheads of the 1880's.

One of the most expensive family-situation shows on TV, it is seen Sundays on CBS-TV, 7 to 7:30 P.M. E.S.T., with Leon Ames and Lurene Tuttle starred as Father and Mother Day, the explosive "Mr. Day" and his witty, understanding wife, "Vinnie."

Life With Father first appeared in the *New Yorker* as a series of sketches in 1927, written by the late Clarence Day, Jr. The despotic but amusing elder Day who resisted a belated baptism became an almost classic figure of turn-of-the-century Americana as these sketches grew into three widely read books, *Life With Father*, *God And My Father*, and *Life With Mother*.

In 1939, *Life With Father* made Broadway history by becoming the longest-run of all time (401 weeks) and it was also very successful as a motion picture. Its debut on TV was delayed

by tremendous production costs and the fact that it became necessary to audition literally hundreds of actors for the key roles before just the right types could be found.

You might look in on this one whether you feel nostalgic or not.

You'll Be Sorrrrreeee!

Phil Baker, the man who added "the \$64 question" and many other phrases and words to our rich American language, was in Hollywood working on several TV deals when last I heard. He was a bit upset about the upper brackets of TV executives and spoke thus and so:

"A new regime has taken over the reins in TV, a new regime whose members might be called 'the cardboard lovers of show business.' They are agency executives and Park Avenue athletes who have never been a part of show business. All they can do is shuffle top stars who have already arrived. They say they are always looking for 'new' talent, but when a performer with worlds of experience who isn't momentarily famous approaches them they won't answer the phone. This new regime is busy passing up talent, not passing on it, and a lot of wonderful performers who have a great deal to offer for TV are being kicked in the heart because the boys of the new regime never grew up in show business, know little if anything about it, but are now handling the most modern and profitable phase of it—television, a new entertainment monster which has to feed on new talent and new ideas to survive."

Phil is 93 per cent right, of course, but saying such things is no way to sell TV programs to networks dominated by the people he has blasted.

He may be sorry he said it, although it's good that he did.

Hotel TV

There are now more than 24,000,000 television sets throughout America, and more and more are turning up everywhere, even in hotel rooms, in case you care.

Hotelmen estimate about 16 per cent of the nation's hotel rooms now have TV receivers, purchase-installation expenses of which are quickly offset since guests spend more time in their rooms watching programs, thus zooming service charges for food, soft drinks, liquor, etc., as high as 1100 per cent in some instances.

Increased room service also means more tips for bellboys, waiters, and other hotel employees, and this means higher employee earnings and better morale.



AMATEUR SLEUTHS—Barbara Britton and Richard Denning ("Mr. and Mrs. North") visit crime lab and ballistics department of Los Angeles Police Dept.



HERE'S RAYMOND—Ray Bolger, comic-dancer-satirist and star of "Where's Raymond?" ABC-TV series concerning a dancer habitually late for performances

Hotel managers say TV greatly reduces routine disturbances, too—noisy drunks, wild parties, etc.—since viewing demands reasonably quiet, sober attention.

Although most viewing is free, a few hotels are experimenting with "Preview Television," a mechanical gadget which allows showing of a few minutes of the program coming up and then shuts off the receiver. If interested, a guest can drop a coin in a slot and watch the entire show.

College Network

One of the cleverest and most interesting developments in the area of radio is "The College Radio Movement." It began experimentally last year but is a movement of substance and permanence by now, with 65 member-colleges from coast to coast already operating and another dozen or so to be added before the end of the spring semester.

Member colleges include Notre Dame, Georgetown, the University of Virginia, Alabama, Stanford, Maryland, Amherst, Princeton, Smith, Yale, Harvard, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Southern Methodist, Texas Christian, Holy Cross, N.Y.U., Dartmouth, Columbia, Duke, Oberlin, Lehigh, Brown, Bucknell, Carnegie Tech, Lafayette, the University of Pennsylvania, and Temple, among others.

Each of these has its own collegian-operated radio station that broadcasts varying numbers of hours through loudspeakers and radios located in dormitories, cafeterias, lounges, club rooms, and private rooms all over the campus. Many different kinds of programs are broadcast, although the concentration is normally on music and news.

Sponsor of much of this programming is a leading cigarette manufacturer (Lucky Strike) which originated this "College Radio Movement" because it feels, quite honestly, that most people will wind up as cigarette smokers anyhow and it would like to have them wind up smoking its brand.

For the privilege of bringing its sales message to about 300,000 young people in about 65 colleges this year, the LSMFT people will pay about \$100,000. Now if this seems callous, let me point out a few not-so-obvious angles: The movement has already improved programming wherever it has been accepted. It is training many young men and women in broadcasting under professional, competitive conditions and training them free. It is also paying the usually impoverished college radio stations some bucks a week with which to buy additional equipment or pay off the mortgages on the old.

Most interesting and important of all, the sponsor is observing a "hands off" policy toward the stations and the young announcers, writers, etc., on them and is letting them do all programming in their own way. This is nothing short of miraculous, something we in the industry never thought would happen, and I'd be perfectly willing to develop my own terrible hacking cough if I thought it would help continue this sort of thing.

In Brief

President Eisenhower is studying a plan that would bring the entire inside story of government to the American people via a series of radio and television programs. . . . Lanny Ross now in his 25th year of radio. . . . Thomas Mitchell due to star in a TV series on the life of humorist Irvin S. Cobb, with Buff Cobb, his grand-daughter, playing herself. . . . Theatre TV interests are working on a series of concerts by the top symphonic orchestras in this country, including those of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, and Chicago. The concerts would be exclusively Theatre TV events, of course.

. . . Radio will experience another record ban similar to that of the "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair" era of the late 1930's if Jimmy Petrillo of the musicians' union, AFL, decides to do what he is seriously planning. Such action would also make life nearly impossible for hundreds of disc jockeys coast to coast. . . . Representatives of the aviation industry are shopping for

a television program that will do for them what *The Railroad Hour* is doing for the railroad industry. . . . A leading American producer is dickering with officials of the Louvre, the internationally famous French art museum, for a series of telefilms telling how each painting and statue was acquired. There's a story behind each and some are fantastic.

Ed Wynn, long known and celebrated as "The Perfect Fool," will call his TV giveaway series *A Fool And His Money*. It's based on the inventions of Rube Goldberg. Mercy! . . . *The Cisco Kid* star, Duncan Renaldo, is fully recovered from that broken neck received making films for TV. See? It is too dangerous! . . . Another western series, titled *The Westerner*, will star actor James Craig. . . . Perry Como is godfather to Dean Martin's newest son. . . . *The Reader's Digest Theatre*, a new TV film show which has been six months in preparation, will come to your screens soon. First story will be "The Most Unforgettable Character I Ever Met," all about Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, to be followed by "Top Secret," the story of an East Berlin bus driver who crashed his bus into the American zone. . . . Look for a *Vice Squad* series on TV starring Edward G. Robinson. . . . Columbia University now offering 17 different courses in radio and television. . . . Although there are plenty of cowboy programs on TV, there isn't one about Indians, so *Tomahawk* will be the first. Very soon.



BEULAH—Amanda Randolph succeeds the late Hattie McDaniel as CBS' "Beulah"



DIRECTOR—Freddie Bartholomew, former motion picture child star, now a full-fledged TV director for WPIX, will also enact leading role in "Jeeves" series



SPORTSCASTER—Mel Allen handles play-by-play commentary on NCAA football games now telecast coast-to-coast

National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception

1954 is Marian Year. America is dedicated to Mary. Will America build her Shrine?

THE Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in the nation's capital is the national shrine of the United States. Its cornerstone was laid over a quarter of a century ago, in 1920. Then, because of depression, war, and postwar relief, the work on it stopped. The superstructure was never built; the great shrine remained a crypt church. It was an architectural seed that could not break out into the air and rise to its full height, an ambitious, devotional ideal which ran the risk of being rejected and allowed to die.

But on May the fourth, in a special Mother's Day statement honoring the Mother of God, Archbishop Noll announced that the committee of Archbishops and Bishops hoped to begin the superstructure of the shrine next year. The year 1954 will be the hundredth anniversary of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. In honor of this occasion, the Bishops hope to complete the shrine.

The shrine of the Immaculate Conception will be distinguished by its size and its beauty. Already its massive foundation is completed and encloses the crypt church—the largest crypt church in the world. The completed church will be a cross 459 feet long and 240 feet wide. A great dome will crown the intersection of the nave and transepts, a dome 108 feet in diameter—more than twice the diameter of the famed St. Mark's in Venice. The cross on the summit of the dome will be 237 feet above ground; it will, however, be over-reached by the bell tower, which will be 316 feet high. The apse of the shrine will divide into three semicircles, each dividing into five chapels. The apse will then portray the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary.

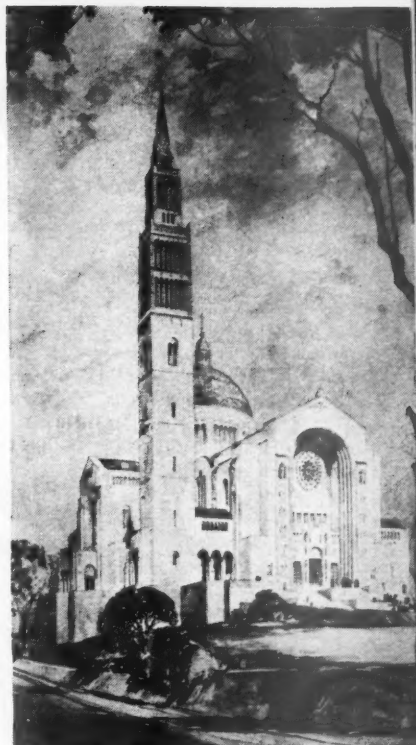
But, although a massive building, exquisite artistic attention will be devoted to every detail. Nothing symbolizes this better than the shrine's famous "Immaculate Conception" altar-piece. Pope Benedict XV had his artists go to Ma-

drid and copy faithfully Murillo's painting. He then commissioned Vatican workers to reproduce the copy in mosaic. So perfect was their work that the mosaic seems to be an oil painting. Only by catching the reflected light from the side can one detect the thousands of pieces of mosaic porcelain. In every detail, the magnificent interior will reflect a similar care and beauty.

The crypt church is only a seed planted thirty-three years ago. The event that promises to mature it at this time is the Holy Father's proclamation of the Marian Year to celebrate the first centenary of the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. On December 8, 1854, Pope Pius IX pronounced and defined that the Blessed Virgin Mary, "in the first instant of her conception, by a singular privilege and grace granted by God, in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the human race, was preserved exempt from all stain of original sin." In his encyclical proclaiming the Marian Year, Pope Pius XII urged the faithful, as a tribute to Mary, not only to revive their devotion to her, imitate her virtues, and attend special sermons in her honor, but also to visit the shrines—or at least the altars—of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It is hoped that this renewed devotion to Mary may be the beginning of renewed growth for the national shrine.

There is a symbolism, too, in the land which has sponsored this shrine to Mary. America is dedicated to the Immaculate Conception. This dedication gives promise that the nation-wide appeal for funds to complete her church will be a success. The campaign, conducted by the Bishops of the United States, will begin on December the sixth, the Sunday nearest to the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

The completion of the shrine will be America's tribute to our Blessed Lady in the year that the Holy Father has dedicated especially to her.



Architect's drawing of the church. It is of a noble, American design



Mosaic copy of Murillo's painting. It was given by Pope Benedict XV

Charlie
Dressen



DID HE fall? Or was he pushed?
Did he quit? Or was he fired?

This is the strange story of Charley Dressen, erstwhile manager of the National League Champion Brooklyn Dodgers and coming leader of the Oakland team of the Pacific Coast League. There are still so many unknown factors in this case that it is difficult indeed to get a true appraisal of the situation and almost impossible to make up one's mind as to what really did happen or why.

The facts, however, are these. Dressen did pilot Brooklyn to a National League pennant for the second year in a row and for the second year in a row did lose to the Yankees in the World Series.

It was generally agreed that the 1953 edition of the Dodgers was the greatest in the club's history. True, there were some deficiencies in the pitching department, but it was agreed that the overwhelming strength of the rest of the club more than made up for any

'Twasn't so, though. The baseball writers arriving on the scene saw a sight and got a story far beyond their expectations. Instead of the place being wreathed in smiles and good fellowship, the atmosphere was one of deep, impenetrable gloom. Charley was grim, Walter was grimmer, and all others concerned looked as though they would have been happier somewhere else, even in Yankee Stadium, perish the thought.

Instead of being informed of Dressen's rehiring, the writers were informed that the manager and the club had failed to come to terms and that consequently there would be a new manager of the Dodgers in 1954. It was announced by Mr. O'Malley that the difference of opinion was mainly over the length of Dressen's contract; that Charley wanted a three-year contract but would settle for two years but that the club would not back down from its policy of signing pilots for no more than one year. Dressen wouldn't back down either, hence the parting of the

by DON DUNPHY



lapse in the mound corps. This seemed to be so, for the Brooks clinched the pennant early in September and won more games than any other Dodger team ever had.

It was also generally agreed that Dressen, having won two flags in a row and having lost a third in a playoff, was a cinch to be back at the helm in 1954.

Then the roof fell in. Baseball scribes were summoned to a press conference at the Brooklyn offices shortly after the end of the series. No one took it too seriously. It seemed to be a routine affair in which Walter O'Malley, President of the Dodgers, would announce that Dressen had been signed for 1954, flashbulbs would pop, and there would be the usual pictures of O'Malley and Dressen at a desk while the latter inked the pact. Buzzy Buvasi and Fresco Thompson, Dodger vice-presidents, would stand in the background lending a bit of body to the proceedings. All, of course, would be smiling and the motif would be the familiar Brooklyn theme, "Wait till next year."

ways. The club and Dressen wished each other the best of luck, but they didn't smile when they said it.

Somewhere during the proceedings, O'Malley mentioned a letter that Dressen and his wife had written to the club just after the Dodgers had so convincingly won the National League pennant. It was a letter in which the manager had expressed his desire for a long-term pact. Neither the letter nor its mention by the Brooklyn President seemed important until O'Malley added, "It was a pip." It must have been.

The aforementioned are the facts of the case. The reason or reasons we can only try to arrive at by piecing some of the parts together. My own guess, and believe me it is only a guess, is that the Dodgers would have re-signed Dressen had he won the World Series and that they would have signed him, win or lose, except for "The Letter."

O'Malley returned the letter to Dressen because he didn't want it around the office where anyone else could see it. Subsequently, a couple of magazines

offered big money for it, and it has since been announced that the letter has been insured against loss or theft. It must really have been something more than a *billet-doux*! To my way of thinking it was the crux of the situation. Apparently it burned the Brooklyn officials and started them thinking about another manager. The fact that it was written the night Dressen's team clinched the pennant could have led them to believe that Dressen was taking advantage of a situation and felt that he had them over the proverbial barrel. So they bided their time, willing to forget the letter if he won the World Series. But he didn't. Nor apparently did they forget.

WHY did Charley and Ruth Dressen write this letter? Charley explained it. He or the Brooklyn club had blown a big lead in 1951 and had lost a pennant playoff to the New York Giants. Certainly he figured his job was in jeopardy. But they signed him for 1952 and he won the pennant. He lost a tense, seven-game series to the Yankees, but he was rehired for 1953 on a one-year basis. This past season the Dodgers were superb. They won easily and Dressen, being human, took unto himself, and perhaps rightfully, a great deal of the credit. There is no question that he had a good team under him, but he did manipulate a weak pitching staff to perfection. He also made the radical move of shifting Jackie Robinson to the outfield and putting rookie Junior Gilliam at second base. This, too, paid dividends in the pennant fight. So Dressen figured that he had done a fine job. And he had during the regular season.

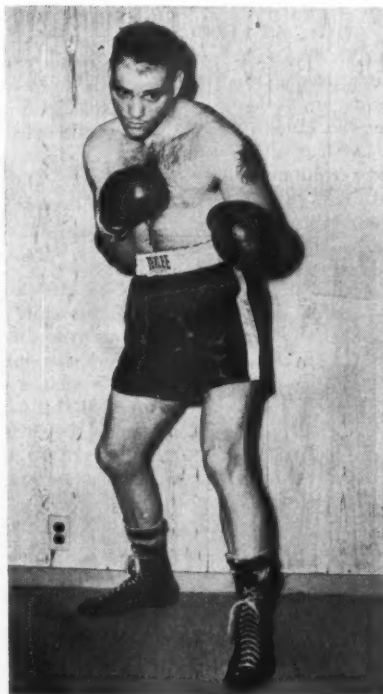
Outside considerations then entered into it. Apparently Dressen was upset during 1953 over the fact that he had but a one-year contract. But he suppressed his feelings and went about his work. Then came news that the Giants had signed Leo Durocher to a two-year contract for 1954 and 1955. The Giants had been figured as contenders against the Dodgers, but Durocher brought them home a shabby fifth. Eddie Stanky brought the Cardinals home in a tie for third and was rewarded with a long term, and Cholly Grimm, whom Dressen beat out for the flag, likewise was signed for a couple of years.

Dressen figured that if the men he had beaten out were given security, why not he? So he and his wife composed the letter to O'Malley. Maybe it was a little too strong.

What about the club's position? There is no question that winning the series was the big thing as far as they were concerned. Brooklyn had won six pre-

vious pennants but had always failed in the fall classic. It became a fetish with them. O'Malley and his fellow executives felt they had their best chance this year. There is no question that they were upset when they failed. The loss of the series must have been a bitter pill to swallow, but added to Dressen's letter it was completely unpalatable.

It is true that the Brooklyn club has a policy of signing managers for one-year terms. But there is no question in my mind that they would have waived this policy had Dressen been able to produce a series winner. Chances are that he could have named his own



"Bobo" Olson—the new champ

ticket if he had. And chances are that had he not written the letter he would have been back on a one-year or two-year basis.

The new manager probably will be Harold PeeWee Reese, the gifted short-stop of the Dodgers and one of the most popular athletes ever to sport the Brooklyn livery. But, popular or not, he will have to produce results, not necessarily for the executives but for the Brooklyn fans. PeeWee is loved by the fans but let's not kid ourselves. They are a fickle lot and they want winners and they can quickly forget the great plays of other years.

Should the club falter, Reese and the owners will quickly be reminded that

Charley Dressen won two titles in a row, just as Charley himself was reminded of a previous Burt Shotton who won two pennants. Particularly on the spot will be Vice-President Buzzy Buvasi who, it is claimed, badgered Dressen with second guessing and innumerable visits to the clubhouse on losing days.

Meanwhile Charley will be sitting it out in Oakland, California, where they say the climate is a lot more bearable than it is at Ebbets Field.

IF Reese gets the job (and no announcement had been made as this was written) he will be somewhat of an oddity in that he will be an active player-manager. While Freddie Hutchinson of Detroit, Eddie Stanky of the St. Louis Cardinals, and Marty Marion of the Browns were on the active lists, they saw little service last year. Reese figures to play in most of his team's games.

The last player-manager in the world series was Lou Boudreau of the Cleveland Indians in 1948, and he won the big classic. Of late years, club owners have not been too kindly disposed to playing pilots, and it is usually when they have reached the end of their careers, as in the cases of the three mentioned earlier, that they are chosen. But a generation or so ago they were very successful. Player-managers handled both teams in the series in 1933, 1934, and 1935 and one of the teams in 1936. Reese would have a very good chance of getting Brooklyn back in there once again.

Bobo's the Best

Carl "Bobo" Olson, newly crowned middleweight champion proved his superiority over Britain's Randy Turpin at New York recently, and his acquisition of the crown vacated by Ray Robinson promises interesting action in the middleweight division. There are plenty of fighters who think they can beat Olson and while, in some cases, it may be wishful thinking, it's a good thing for the sport that there are so many contenders.

Among them should be Kid Gavilan, who has about come to the end of the trail as a welterweight because of weightmaking troubles. The Kid's speed and durability make him a real threat in the heavier class. Then there are the perennials Rocky Castellani, Paddy Young, and Ernie Durando, the latter back in because of a sensational knockout of Charley Humez of France. Coming up the ladder are Joey Giardello, Willie Troy, and Randy Sandy. On a given evening, any and all could prove troublesome to crownearer Olson. But right now, he's the best.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

The Holy Family in Exile

THE JOYOUS PICTURE of Christmas—the Child, the angels, the event—tend to make us forget what took place both before and afterward—the hunt for a home before the child was born, the flight to a strange land after He came. And there is a similarity in the world today to that long-ago event.

For the birth of her Baby, Mary found shelter and the occasion was happy, but the later story was different. They had to flee and to a land not their own. They needed food—and kindly tradition down the ages gives us the story of the fig tree that bent its fruit to them as they sat under its shade; even today there is a well, known as Mary's Well, where the Holy Family is said to have found refreshment.

Then they came to a strange land and lived there, probably not especially wanted by those among whom they found themselves, and after a while they were able to come home. There is a statement in the Gospels that leads us to feel that Nazareth was not much of a place to live, but it was home, and we wish the Gospels had told us a little something of their return there, how neighbors and kinsfolk welcomed them back.

People In Exile—A Reality

TODAY, ALL OVER the world, replicas of the Holy Family are on the march. If, as we are told, every suffering man or woman or child is an image of Christ and what we do for the least of them we do for Him, then surely we can see the Holy Family in every wandering exiled family.

In various countries families have left their homes—some thrust into exile, some fleeing voluntarily from the terror behind them. But in one thing they are alike—they are hopeless and homeless, and they are knocking at the doors of the world asking refuge.

In Hong Kong they live in shacks around the city, more than a million of them. In the Near East, around the Holy Land whence once the Holy Family fled, over eight hundred thousand live—and these Palestinian exiles number among them at least one-fifth Christian Arabs.

In Germany and Austria and Italy there are, since the second world war, three generations of these exiles—the DPs, the Expellees, and the Escapees. In Korea there are no less than four million of these sad travelers and, of these, some are going home for the first Christmas since peace. What they are going to find there is saddening to contemplate. Their homes have been destroyed. Four separate times, back and forth over much of this territory have moved the forces of war, back and forth until there is little left to be identified as a home and whole villages are totally destroyed. But the heart will find traces, the eye will see fragments, that were once possessions—and they will be home.

Perhaps the greatest fault that Christians can commit is to walk past unheeding, and never more than today when hunger and mass-hopelessness and fear afflict the world. The great pagan states of Greece and Rome, despite their learning and culture, had no asylums and no homes for the old and sick, and the poor died of neglect. But it is the very

essence of Christianity to help the body as well as to save the soul. The Faith which constantly has its eyes on the life of the soul is ever eager to care for the life of the body. This is our proud inheritance, dating from the long-ago day when Our Lord told the story of the man who passed by an injured one and of the other who stopped to help. Our impulse to help the hurt and sick and poor stems from the time of Our Lord, Himself the exemplar of Samaritans.

In our country there is help for others; there are resources as well as good will. And in some war-torn lands there is a hope, a chance to go home. In other lands there is no hope of that, and this Christmas will be only one more day in exile. Yet this strange, present peace raises a hope in many hearts, makes them feel that dawn is coming even for those who have been for so long children of the night.

The Exiled And You—A Plea

WHEN I HAVE spoken to my readers before, I have used the Christ Child as representing all children. This time, thinking over the journeys ahead for some families and the dreary waiting for others, I appeal in the name of the Holy Family, which is every family, for help. Of course, many a family will be without its Joseph; in Korea alone the war has made 500,000 families fatherless. But their wives and children are on the way home, streaming out over shelled roads that are no longer roads and, no doubt, helped wherever possible by the American soldier, who is a symbol of hope and love to all children everywhere. Going as a messenger of war, he has over and over become a messenger for peace—true peace that is loving-kindness.

We do not see them, of course, these many thousands, but we know they are there. They all, in every land, need our help as perhaps never before. And for such help there is a channel for these families who at Christmas remind us of the Holy Family. We can help through the National Council of Catholic Women, for whom this is an expression of concern for the war-broken and war-displaced families of our world. So it is women appealing to women on this page—but the help of men, as always, is very welcome. For five dollars a package of food will be made up and distributed through different agencies in these lands, and the purchase and work of distributing will cost less than 1 per cent, so that nearly everything goes to the people for whom the money is intended. Local goods are packed locally, thus providing work for exiled groups. War Relief Services, the Bishops' agency for foreign relief, will again handle the funds, and they are, if you want to send a contribution in the name of the Holy Family, located at 350 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

So please, this Christmas, as you responded so generously to my appeal last year, help me again. Your money will aid in the flight to Egypt and the return and the sad waiting time. It will be the fig tree and the well for weary wanderers. And especially, with every gift of money, send a prayer—a prayer that they have peace in their time, that they may all go home some day to a land as happy and as blessed as this in which you live.

School for Late Vocations

Life begins at forty—or much later—for the men who attend Rome's

Beda College, the world-famous English seminary for late vocations

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUIDO UNGARO



LIFE begins at any age you care to choose at Beda College, Rome's English language seminary for mature men who decide after an already full life in the world that they still have enough vitality in their bones to serve God as priests in their declining years.

Take Father Patrick J. Norton, recently ordained at Beda for the Archdiocese of Dubuque, Iowa. Now 70, he had become a priest after many years in the world as a successful businessman in the news distribution field and as a happy father of 12 children and grandfather to 20 more.

Or take 60-year-old Ashley Pettis. He founded and directed for 15 years the well-known Composers' Forum in New York City. Famous in his own right among concertgoers in both Europe and the United States, he entered the Church in 1948 and went to Beda shortly after. He is now nearing the end of his course. When it is completed he will be ordained for the diocese of Steubenville, Ohio.

The other "boys" at Beda, as they jokingly call themselves, are just as unusual because Beda is an unusual college. Named after Venerable Bede, the eighth-century British Doctor of the Church, it was established just over 100 years ago by Pope Pius IX.

The seminarians range in age from mid-twenties to seventy. They have changed courses in the middle of life to dedicate the remainder of their lives to God in the priesthood. Their careers have been varied, often colorful. Many are converts. Some were even non-Catholic ministers.

The students are often older than their professors. Only the rector can be sure of being respected for his age. He is Msgr. Charles Duchemin, himself a Beda graduate of the 1918 class. Prior to entering the priesthood, he practiced law in London. Pope Pius XII ap-

Heroic figure of St. Paul looks down on Father Pat Norton and Ashley Pettis during stroll through Rome



Father Norton (right) and Ashley Pettis (left) do a little casual historical research in Rome's Coliseum



Classwork is grueling at Beda College. Here, Father Norton (left) and his classmates provide answers to a tough problem in theology



College library is favorite spot for Beda's seminarians to relax and discuss the doings of the day. English newspapers are most avidly read for news



Oldest student, Father Schomberg, 71, offers Benediction before leaving for work in England

School for Late Vocations



A SIGN PICTURE ARTICLE

pointed him rector in 1928.

The past quarter century has seen the ordination of over 200 priests at Beda. Eighty-three were converts and forty-three of these had been non-Catholic ministers. Others had been lawyers, musicians, actors, surgeons, writers, teachers, and businessmen.

Leading last year's class by point of age was a 71-year-old former British Army Colonel, Father Reginald Schom-

berg. Besides military service in India, Egypt, Singapore, and China, Father Schomberg had also been a British consul, an explorer, and the author of books such as *Between the Oxus and the Indus*, and *Kafirs and Glaciers*.

The class even included a former Shakespearean actor, Father Denis Hutchison, who acted in Sir Frank Benson's famous company. During the war, he flew with the Royal Air Force.



Seminarian's room is simple and austere, permitting complete concentration on studies at hand. This student is a former minister



Father Denis Hutchison, former actor, bestows his first priestly blessing on Msgr. Duchemin, Beda College rector



Good meals, accompanied by Italian wine, restore hungry seminarians for difficult priestly studies



Back home—Father Norton is greeted in New York by son-in-law and two of his grandchildren before reporting for assignment in Dubuque

The course of studies at Beda is compressed to four years, one of philosophy, and three of theology. But the material is all covered and the men work intensely.

Because of the compressed course, Dubuque's Father Norton finished his studies before his son John, who is preparing for the priesthood at the Dominican House of Studies in River Forest, Illinois. Another son, Claude, is assist-

ant pastor of St. Mary's Church in Vinton, Iowa.

The day at the college is a typical seminary day beginning at six A.M., with meditation and Mass, and ending at nine P.M., with prayers and the *Magnum Silentium*—the Great Silence. Sandwiched in between is a busy day of classes, study, work, meals, and prayer.

Where the seminary leaves off, the new priest's work begins. Father Norton,

for example, is now serving the sick and dying at Mercy Hospital in Oelwein, Iowa, where he has been assigned as chaplain by Archbishop Henry P. Rohlfman of Dubuque.

Meanwhile, the work of the professors at Beda continues on, bringing new laborers into Christ's vineyard even at the ninth and eleventh hours, and manifesting in their quiet, effective way the triumph of God's grace.



The Coming of the Holy Ghost

by GERALD VANN, O.P.

JUST as there are some Catholic thinkers who hold that today we are approaching an "age of Mary," so there are others who see the present times as approaching an "age of the Spirit." Psychologically speaking, the two ideas are very closely akin. The Spirit is "inwardness"—Mary "kept all these words in her heart"; and Mary the Seat of Wisdom is praised in the Church's liturgy under the figure of Wisdom personified, in words taken from the Old Testament Book of Wisdom. For an age of the Spirit would not mean, as in some heretical views, a superseding of the reign of Christ, the abolition of all the "rational" side of the Church's life—organization, law, authority, and so on—it would mean the fulfilment of the rule of Christ in a great outpouring of love, wisdom, inwardness, as at the first Pentecost. It would mean, in other words, the coming of a contemplative age. (Perhaps we are to see some sign of this in the great increase, in the United States, of vocations to the contemplative Orders among men.)

If such an age is in fact approaching, our duty is clearly to do what we can to prepare ourselves for it or to hasten its coming. And this we shall do by trying to live in the Spirit ourselves. And with this in view we might well think over at times the "fruits of the Spirit" which are qualities characteristic of such a life.

At first sight, these fruits might seem to be set down almost haphazardly by St. Paul; in fact, they follow a strictly logical order. We begin, of course, with love, the source of them all. It is a pity that, while we are used to the idea of "possession by the devil" because of incidents in the Gospel, we are not equally familiar with the idea of being possessed by love, of living in Love. Yet this is what this fruit means. So the Spirit at the first Pentecost took possession of the Apostles and inspired and empowered them; so He takes possession of all those who humbly give themselves to God, live in God, and devote themselves to His purposes. And

its first effect produced in the soul is joy.

This "joy in the Spirit" is not a rejoicing in one's own happiness or in God's gifts or in anything at all but God Himself. It is the joy that attends the prayer of wonder. (There is a sort of parallel to it in the selfless joy of the artist gazing at beauty.) It is, therefore, something which subsists deep down in the soul, whether at a more superficial level one is "happy" or not; for if happy, such a soul will bless the Lord, and, if the happiness is withdrawn, still it will equally bless the Lord in deep, humble tranquillity of spirit, for it loves God's will. Such a joy must be the secret of the tireless energy of the saints; for it is when we for our part allow ourselves to be sunk in gloom and despondency that we find

• Any one thing in creation is sufficient to demonstrate the existence of God to a humble and grateful mind.—Epictetus

our energies flagging: we "haven't the heart" to go on.

But such a joy, springing from the loving awareness of God's closeness to us and care for us, must in its turn inevitably give us peace of soul. "All things are in the hand of God"; and so there is no room for fretting, anxiety, scrupulosity, worrying. If things go wrong with us, still His arms are about us to strengthen us; if pain and sorrow come to us, He is there to share them with us; if we sin, still we are beneath the shadow of His wings.

The peace of the Spirit thus in its turn produces patience, the ability to leave things in God's hands, to leave results to Him, concerning ourselves only to do the best we can with each moment as it comes. Patient, therefore, with other people; patient with God, not trying to push or bully Him into quick results; patient with ourselves, not giving up because we do not become

saints in a day or a year. But to be thus is to be kind; not just (perhaps condescendingly) kindly; not kind to people we find attractive, but kind to all, always, with something of Our Lord's divine tolerance, understanding, compassion. (It is in this context that we have to examine the sins of the tongue: the spiteful gossip, the wounding remarks, sarcasms, condescensions, irritations, refusals of help, and so on.) And gentleness (mildness) goes with it: strong as a rock on principles, but strong enough not to be obstinate, overbearing, harsh, resentful, angry.

For all these things give one the ability to take the long view, the eternal view (longanimity): not to see only the immediate petty wrong, insult, irritating mannerism, unkindness, but to see beyond these things to the good qualities, and the immortal destiny, and our brotherhood in the communion of sinners. And these qualities in their turn will produce goodness and faithfulness to see it through doggedly to the end without faltering, without tiring, without relapsing into despondency or despair however often one may fail. Because it is a question precisely not of self-willed, self-reliant piety, but of allowing God to use one, with all one's frailties, as a tool for His purposes, secure in the knowledge that if the love is there, if the will to serve Him fully is there, He will not let the frailties defeat the purposes.

AND so, finally, as the result of these, there follow the last three fruits, the rule of spirit over flesh, the recapturing of something of that harmony of the personality which belonged to man before the fall, and which incidentally gives expression to St. Thomas' definition of beauty, *splendor formae*, shining out of the soul through the flesh.

To have all these qualities in their fullness is to have life in its fullness, to be living in Life. It is also to be the sort of instrument the Spirit needs in His work of renewing the face of the earth.

Books

RUE NOTRE DAME

By Daniel Pezeril. 148 pages.
Sheed & Ward. \$2.50

In the form of a casual diary Abbé Pezeril has written a novelette, a combination of *Good-by Mr. Chips* and *Vipers Tangle*—if you can imagine such. He has at once the tender, delicate, Hilton touch in depicting old age and the Frenchman's barb in prodding his fellow countrymen. The barb is applied to the cozy ostrich, ecclesiastical and lay, who spends his time just biding his time, while the violent movements of the day sweep away his smug little world.

Bruce Marshall brutally reminds us in the introduction that in Paris the "Children's solemn First Communion is in most cases their last" and that "of those buried from Parisian churches only 10 per cent have received Extreme Unction and 7 per cent Viaticum."

Without mentioning a word of this, Abbé Pezeril quietly proceeds to paint a picture of an aged Canon and a young "worker-priest" who has chosen the old Canon as his confessor. The latter keeps a diary (a delightfully intimate one) to which he confides, as the story moves on, his growing scruples that all his priestly days were spent in merely becoming a good organizer—just that and nothing more. As to the decline of the Faith in France, he was hopelessly blind. The greater portion of the old man's diary is taken up with his last, feverish effort to make up for the past before the curtain falls.

The reader gets an intimate look at the Church in France and a glimpse of the movement known as the "priest-workers" who labor in overalls beside their parishioners at the factories in the hope of coaxing back those who have strayed away.

JOHN L. MADDEN.

MARRIAGE BEFORE AND AFTER

By Robert Nash, S.J. 214 pages.
Didier. \$2.75

This is a challenging title, covering quite a bit of territory. The long and varied experience of the priest, plus 2,000 years experience of Mother Church, are the potent ingredients that go to make up this small book. Written in simple, readable style, it is packed to

the margins with gold to be mined by "Those who have ears to hear. . . ."

A glance at some of the chapter titles will give some idea of the contents. Opening, appropriately, with "Love at First Sight," the author exposes the absurdity of the Hollywood notion that such "love" is necessarily real or that it is irresistible, scoring such belief as the gospel of helplessness.

In "The Vocation to Marriage," the author shows that marriage is a real vocation for some, planned by God for them from all eternity, just as a religious vocation for others has been part of the Divine Plan from all eternity.

"Preparing for Marriage" discusses the means by which one may discover God's will for him. If it be the married state, how he can prepare for it in such a way as to insure divine aid throughout his married life.

"After the Honeymoon" may prove something of an eye-opener to some married who wonder why the house is filled with small bickerings. There is no deep problem, yet there is little peace and harmony.

"Mixed Marriage" is sympathetic, yet clearcut in depicting the additional problems involved in such unions.

In reading "The In-Laws," many a person will wish ruefully that his foresight had equalled his hindsight. Here is the hindsight for the about-to-be married.

Fully half the book is given over to the education and training of the child, starting with the infant. This part should be of great value to the young parent.

Father Nash has compressed a great deal of Catholic philosophy into capsule form, and in writing from an Irish background has added a tang to the flavor.

ANNE CYR.

A PASSAGE IN THE NIGHT

By Sholem Asch. 367 pages.
Putnam. \$3.75

Dr. Zimmerman, the kindly rabbi of the novel, laments that "the average American businessman or professional, Jew or Christian, is so absorbed in his daily tasks that he has no time left—even if he has the will—for



S. Asch

spiritual matters; such as seeking his own contact with God, for instance. So he accepts a ready-made God from his father, or mother, or the reverend, to deal with God for him. This suffices as long as everything goes well. But should a crisis arise and he must seek God's help, a conflict sets in." It is out of such a conflict that Sholem Asch weaves his plot. All except a very few of his characters know God but remotely. He is Someone their fathers went to worship at the synagogue; and that is all. Their religion is for most an impersonal business.

Thus it is that old Isaac Grossman, a well-to-do businessman, finds himself misunderstood by his family when he wants to atone for a sin committed in his younger days. Out of the hazy past he recalls that he once stole twenty-seven dollars from a Catholic laborer to whom that amount meant a great deal. Grossman vows he will find the fellow and set things right. His persistent and apparently futile efforts to do so convince his family and friends that he is demented and they confine him to an institution. The slow process of proving that they are wrong and old Grossman is right turns the tale.

The author adds another to his lengthy list of works aimed at rediscovering the spiritual in a materialistic world.

JOHN L. MADDEN.

THE HOUSE THAT NINO BUILT

By Giovanni Guareschi. 238 pages.
Farrar, Straus & Young. \$3.00

An inconsequential series of light essays written with ponderous and very literary humor about the family of an Italian author. Signor Guareschi wrote an enormously successful book about a dear Italian priest, Don Camillo, and his so human fight against Communism. It was so startling in its acceptance, happily so, that immediately there came a sequel. It was not as much fun, really.

Now, the publishers, and it would seem that they are trying for profit to milk a good cow dry, have hurled this book upon the American public. The title, itself, is misleading. "Nino" is a



G. Guareschi

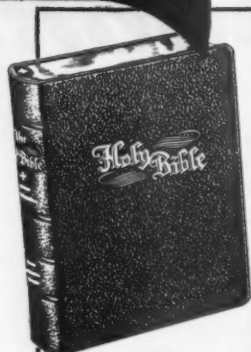
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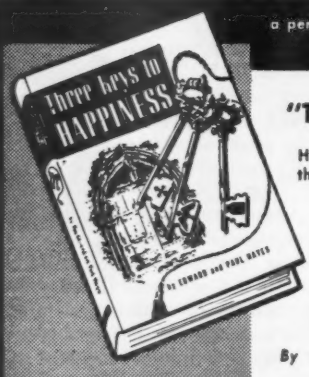


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pet name for the author; and there is nothing about a "house" in the book for those who hopefully seek from plans a variant on a ranch house or a Cape Cod cottage—salt box to the initiated.

No, this is a frightfully "precious" story of Guareschi and his family, done with heavy coyness. At times, it is so mathematical in its humor that it left this reviewer, who prides himself upon his Catholicism, his eclecticism, his questing sympathies—stone cold dead in the churchyard and longing for St. George and the Dragonet.

Little of Italy is in this book, save the name of a city. It has none of the warmth of the humor of that glorious country or its people. It is an intellectual and very frightfully literary excursion into the field of the light essay to which the English brought grace and in its reminiscent aspect we Americans have brought warmth. And it does not come off. Dull is the House that Nino Built. For the next house he should have Don Camillo bless the cornerstone.

DORAN HURLEY.

LELIA

By André Maurois.
Harper.

482 pages.
\$5.00

Aurore Dupin, the French Romantic novelist, better known as George Sand, combined a mystical religiosity with a scandalous private life—if "private" is the word for it. She was a bright convent-educated girl who lost her way and sought consolation in the arms of Alfred de Musset, Chopin, and a startling number of other men.

André Maurois has here tried to reconstruct her peculiar character. The twisted motherly attitude which led her to fasten on frail, unsatisfying lovers; the masculine quirk which caused her to wear trousers, smoke cigars, and write under a male name; and some sort of organic wrongness which ruined every attempt at love—these traits drove her through a series of low adventures and literary posturings almost impossible to follow.

"Love" came to an end, but the mischief, it seems, did not. She proceeded to dabble wildly in Socialism. After the 1848 Revolution she got a key post in a Government information office and abused the Ministers' trust to issue a violent bulletin which did much to provoke renewed bloodshed. The massacres ended her political career. She retired to an impenitent anticlimax on her country estate.



A. Maurois



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Someone has pointed out that the perfect Romantic hero was Frankenstein's monster, who spent half the time committing atrocities and the other half orating about his noble intentions. George Sand was rather like that. M. Maurois has toiled hard to present her sympathetically, and in the eyes of many readers he may have succeeded. It is a tribute to his skill to urge—as I unhappily feel bound to do—that he has written an immoral book.

GEOFFREY ASHE.

LOVE IS A BRIDGE

By Charles B. Flood 436 pages.
Houghton Mifflin. \$3.75

This is a long novel about wealthy people groping for happiness. It is a story of people who have all of life's extras but seek desperately to find its essentials. Henry and Susan Cobb—Harvard and Bryn Mawr, summers in Europe, inherited fortunes—suddenly find that marriage and a baby complicate existence a bit more than their sheltered lives can master individually. Essentially decent people, they drift apart, and eventually divorce shatters their young hopes for an ideal marriage. What happens to these two brilliant sophisticates is the main theme of Mr. Flood's novel. As they individually face and attempt to solve their problems, they find that the web of tragedy lies very close to them.

Worked into this absorbing story of two people seeking happiness is the problem of educating in a Protestant environment a young girl of Catholic background. This phase of the story is astutely handled.

Winner of the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship award, *Love Is a Bridge* is truly a Christian book. It represents a serious effort to treat with high seriousness the problem of upper class modern society of the Back Bay, New York, Long Island circuit.

One of the most attractive characters in recent fiction is Susan Cobb. A most distinguished person, she captures one's interest completely and is, perhaps, the main reason *Love Is a Bridge* is worthwhile reading.

WILLIAM MILLER BURKE.

THE SPRINGS OF SILENCE

By Madeline De Frees. 173 pages.
Prentice-Hall. \$2.95

It is to be hoped that *The Springs of Silence* will enjoy a wide circulation, to dispel the bad taste left by such books as *I Leaped Over the Wall* and the more recent *Few Are Chosen*. Why



C. B. Flood

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women who leave the convent feel bound to justify their action before the world, or fancy themselves as interpreters of the religious life, is difficult to understand. There is no need for the former and no competency in the latter, and the exasperated reader wonders why some genuine nun doesn't write a book about the life of a nun. And now one has done just that.

Sister Mary Gilbert of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary is a member of the faculty of journalism at Holy Names College in Spokane and has been a nun for seventeen years. She writes a lively, simple, and convincing account of her life as a nun, beginning with the mixed emotions attendant upon the purchasing of the trousseau and breaking the news to family and friends. The tone of her narrative deepens and ripens as she advances through the various phases of the training period, and the reader almost sees the young girl mature into the serene and wise religious that Sister Mary Gilbert must be.

The book will be a revelation to both Catholics and non-Catholics. There are also in the book two or three statements which lay persons might like to challenge until they remember that, as Sister says, people outside the convent can never really know a nun, and the challenge is withdrawn and tucked away with a lot of other things that are taken on faith.

FORTUNATA CALIRI

THE SECRET HISTORY OF STALIN'S CRIMES

By Alexander Orlov. 366 pages.
Random House. \$1.50

This is a nightmare of a book—one more horribly fascinating than the goriest of President Eisenhower's Westerns. An official who worked for twenty-one years in the inner circles of the Communist Government depicts the late tyrant of the USSR—whose acts made the word "crimes" a tender euphemism—as a monster, whose cruelty would have shocked Genghis Khan and whose perfidy would have horrified Machiavelli, and as a revolutionist who killed more revolutionaries than all the Czars of Russia put together.

Orlov knew the Soviet leaders, and many were intimate friends. At various times he was a Supreme Court prosecutor, NKVD economic director, brigadier in command of the NKVD Transcaucasian Army, and a diplomat representing Stalin in Spain during the Civil War.

To have read newspaper accounts of Stalin's atrocities is one thing. It is quite another to follow them at first hand, from the inside, in Orlov's epic, with names, times, and places; with a wealth

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Orlov pictures Vishinsky as one of the most slavish, cynical, and murderous scoundrels unchanged; Malenkov as a party hack without a revolutionary past or the qualities of leadership. History, declares Orlov, has granted a breathing-spell to the Western democracies, which will meet disaster unless they improve this windfall of opportunity.

RICHARD STOKES.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE AMERICAN IDEA

By Theodore Maynard. 300 pages.
Appleton-Century-Crofts. \$3.50

Among the several dozen books which Mr. Maynard has written, this should prove to be the most significant. For in it, by a careful and objective view of the Catholic record in America, he examines the validity of the concept that Catholics in America are to be considered as "outsiders" because their faith in Catholicism conflicts in some way with their patriotism as American citizens.

The author's conclusions may be easily summarized. Not only is Catholicism consonant with the American idea, not only has it contributed to the building up of our country and in the formation of the American concept, but it is "the most powerful support that it (the American idea) can find in the modern world."

Even though these claims are presented without rancor or prejudice, there are many who, of course, will not find them acceptable. May we simply suggest that such challengers be well-armed before issuing any refutations, for Mr. Maynard apparently knows his American History as well as he knows the Catholic Church. He does not indulge in wishful thinking, nor does he permit his love for Catholicism to blind him to the mistakes of the past.

Judging by the wealth of information which the book contains, the author has dug deeply into the roots of America's past. His thumb-nail sketches of many of the leading Catholic personages are especially interesting. Altogether, the book is a highly



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CHARLES P. BRUDERLE.

SHORT NOTICES

A TREASURY OF CATHOLIC THINKING. Edited by Ralph L. Woods. 378 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell. \$5.00. Mr. Woods' purpose in his anthology is to assemble a mass of excerpts representing the best Catholic thought on major issues—religion, marriage, democracy, and so forth. Many of the excerpts are finely chosen, but a noticeable American orientation unfortunately narrows the range. Also, Mr. Woods' selection is too abstract to be popular. Ordinary readers may well feel daunted at having to tunnel in through the metaphysics of Anselm and Aquinas.

The real trouble is perhaps in the title. This volume should be called something like "Catholic Principles for American Students." As a handbook for a selected readership, it would possess considerable value.

FLOYD GIBBONS: YOUR HEADLINE HUNTER. By Edward Gibbons. 350 pages. Exposition Press. \$4.00. As a reporter, Floyd Gibbons was a "Gee Whiz!" kid. He never became jaded, never ceased to marvel at the glamour of being a reporter. That's what made him a great one. His personal excitement was communicated to his readers.

From the day, almost a half century ago, that he started covering human interest yarns in Minneapolis, until the day he died in 1939, his steps in the field of journalism were ever upward. At the end, he owned a yacht, stocks, a farm, fast cars, and the adulation of 30,000,000 Americans who listened to his swift, staccato comments on radio. He had covered all the "big" stories of his time, including all the wars, and had lost an eye in one.

This biography was written by his brother Edward. Some of Floyd's reportorial genius must have rubbed off, because this is a readable and edifying book.

LEAVING HOME. By Elizabeth Jane-way. 315 pages. Doubleday. \$3.95. Modern novelists, wearied of satirizing the debaucheries and paganism of the younger set during the twenties, have moved on to the thirties or depression era. Instead of the night club set who usually people these novels, Mrs. Jane-way has turned to the middle class. She sketches the premarital careers of Nina and Marian, daughters of the widowed Mrs. Bishop of Brooklyn, and their

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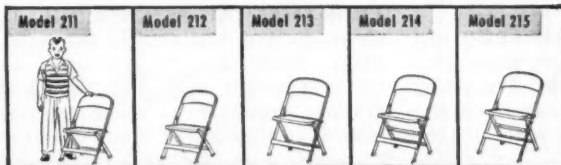
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brother Kermit, an incorrigible youth with abnormal tendencies. The portraits of these characters, silhouetted against the political and social backgrounds of Brooklyn, New York, and Washington, are done in harsh tones. Perhaps unwittingly, the novelist strikes a devastating blow at the secularism of our colleges and universities of which her young people are products.

THE MARMOT DRIVE. By John Hersey. 273 pages. Knopf. \$3.50. There is something subtly repugnant about *The Marmot Drive*, leaving an acrid taste of regret and defeat in its wake. The action is compressed into a single weekend involving the townspeople of Tunxis, Conn., to rid the region of a plague of marmots. As the two-day hunt nears its apex, long-smoldering tensions and vengeance burst into a brutal flame of resentment that consumes the Selectman, Matthew Avered, unsuspecting of its true significance. Ironically, it is an outsider, the city girl, Hester, who touches off the fuse in an innocent situation that the mob is anxious to misconstrue.

The writing is by turns biting, coarse, or loquacious, with nuances of not-quite-explained symbolism. Not a book to give the reader complete satisfaction, but one to make him wonder and worry over the festering image of Tunxis he sees in the author's mirror.

THE MAID OF CORINALDO. By Brother Sabinus, C.S.C. 92 pages. Dujarie Press. \$2.00. Written for young readers, this is a story about Saint Maria Goretti, who in the short space of time since her canonization has won a wide devotion among young and old alike. The story moves quickly, beginning with her birth and continuing chronologically to her death. The family life is drawn in all its simplicity, poverty, and piety, with Maria's devotion to both family and God pointed up to its heroic climax. The illustrations and the natural appeal of the story should make this a popular book with the young readers for whom it is intended. Perhaps only adults will note that the dialogue is a little stilted, and it is not too clear to the child mind what is the great thing that Maria dies for.

THE SHAME OF NEW YORK. By Ed. Reid. 234 pages. Random House. \$3.00. A good reporter waits forever for the "big story." Sometimes he achieves it, more often he doesn't. If it comes, he rocks his town, or his state, or his country, for awhile. In a week or a year, the story dies, and so, to a degree, does the reporter.

Ed Reid of the *Brooklyn Eagle* got his big break four years ago when he heard men in a tavern say that Brooklyn now had a new boss bookie. Reid,

good reporter, worked the story up into the Harry Gross scandal. For his work, he was awarded fine journalism prizes. For their work, policemen and Gross went to jail.

Now Reid writes about organized crime in a roundup of his exploits and the exploits of other crime reporters. In day-to-day newspaper articles, this material was exciting and revealing. In book form, it reads like last year's newspapers with the jump pages missing.

NOBODY SAY A WORD AND OTHER STORIES. By Mark Van Doren. 276 pages. Holt. \$3.50. One quickly recognizes the poet in Mark Van Doren on reading his stories, especially his latest collection, *Nobody Say a Word and Other Stories*. Despite his extraordinary ability to portray life in miniature, it would seem that he purposely beclouds philosophical issues, feeling no doubt that more interest is aroused by the power of suggestion than by direct or indirect avowal of the truth. This is evident in "Mortimer," a tale of revenge; "Rich, Poor and Indifferent," dealing with fate; and "Father O'Connell" and "The Quarry," a study in religion and fanaticism. More than once, Mr. Van Doren strays into agnosticism, and in several instances he displays a complete misunderstanding of the mystical.

FUNDAMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Cavanagh and McGoldrick. 582 pages. Bruce. \$5.50. This volume joins the list of important, modern Catholic publications dedicated to reconciling the facts of revelation and metaphysics, on one side, with the facts of natural science, on the other. The young science of psychiatry has been the most active field of conflict between these two areas of knowledge, a situation which has developed from the limited familiarity of both psychiatrists and theologians with each other's terrain. Dr. John R. Cavanagh, (B.S., M.D., F.A.C.P., K.S.G.) and Father James B. McGoldrick, (S.J., M.A., Ph.D.) have teamed up to exchange and supplement professional opinion in both these disciplines. They have produced a work which will be enormously helpful to anyone seeking reliable and temperate opinion over the whole range of psychiatry.

THE FEMALE. By Paul I. Wellman. 492 pages. Doubleday. \$3.95. Theodora, the harlot who became a Roman Empress in the sixth century, is *The Female*, and the epitome of women, according to Mr. Wellman. The carefully plotted story traces Theodora's calculated rise through the various stages of prostitution until she beguiles the Emperor Justinian to make her his legal wife. This biography is slanted to glorify

a woman who never really ceased to be a courtesan, for when she gave up offering her love for money, she used it to buy world power. *The Female* reads like a pot-boiler larded with obscenities.

UN: TODAY AND TOMORROW. By Eleanor Roosevelt and William S. DeWitt. 236 pages. Harper. \$3.00. This is a compact volume of four chapters and such basic appendices as the U.N. Charter and the Declaration of Human Rights. It is a convenient handbook of facts. Mrs. Roosevelt provides an Introduction and argues for United States treaties binding this country to the U.N. covenants on civil and political rights as well as economic and social rights for all peoples.

The familiar veto problem in the Security Council (as caused by Soviet Russia) is shown to be matched by a similar disparity in the General Assembly. Here the sixty-member nations have their delegates, and they represent over 1,800,000,000 people or about 80 per cent of the world's population. Yet a thirty-one vote majority in this assembly might represent only 5.5 per cent of that vast multitude! This is scarcely popular representation!

"101 Questions and Answers About the U.N." is a useful feature in this informative, if not inspirational, book.

THE GREATEST FAITH EVER KNOWN. By Fulton Oursler & April Oursler Armstrong. 383 pages. Doubleday. \$3.95. Beloved columnist, magazine editor, and mystery writer, Fulton Oursler hit the pinnacle of popularity with the publication of *The Greatest Story Ever Told* and *The Greatest Book Ever Written*. Scheduling himself rigorously and arising at 5 A.M. daily, the former *Reader's Digest* executive was completing his trilogy when death interrupted his labors.

Oursler's daughter took up the thread in mid-sentence and finished the remaining 15 per cent of the work by employing her father's notes and outlines. The result is a readable volume in the tradition of the earlier bestsellers.

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THE AGE OF THE MOGULS. By Stewart H. Holbrook. 373 pages. Doubleday. \$5.00. Not so many years ago, Mr. Matthew Josephson did a "debunking" of American industrial leaders of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries which he called *Robber Barons*. Stewart Holbrook has covered much

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the same ground in his *The Age of the Moguls*.

The book is interesting. A fascinating, sometimes repellent, crowd passes across its pages: Commodore Vanderbilt, Daniel Drew, Jim Fisk, Josie Mansfield, James J. Hill, Henry Clay Frick, dozens of others. One is impressed with the vitality of their accomplishments, often amazed at the blatancy of their violation of law, both moral and man-made. Their stories have often been told before—perhaps they are worth telling again.

SET ALL AFIRE. By Louis de Wohl. 280 pages. Lippincott. \$3.00. It seems inevitable that whoever tells the story of Ignatius Loyola should wish to follow up with that of his heroic companion, Saint Francis Xavier, and all admirers of Louis de Wohl will be glad he has not resisted the temptation. For he now gives us a colorful and powerful novel about "the greatest missionary since Saint Paul," cast into lively contemporary speech. Perhaps a few dates might have been helpfully smuggled in. But the past few years have been rich in Xaverian lore, and readers who want a more documented biography to supplement this interesting fictional one can turn to the fine recent work of Father Brodrick, S.J.

MENTAL HEALTH IN A MAD WORLD. By James A. Magner, 303 pages. Bruce. \$3.75. The author's position as procurator of the Catholic University of America has evidently given him an opportunity to study human nature at very close range. This is his third book of advice. In the other two his aim was to instruct the reader in the art of happy marriage and then in successful living. Now he turns to that worried, distracted creature we see in the looking glass or walking down the street or sitting at the next desk. For him Father Magner has many healthy suggestions, with wise saws and modern instances. It amounts to this: You are the author of most of your troubles.

A RICH YOUNG MAN. By John E. Beahn. 250 pages. Bruce. \$3.25. Mr. Beahn's fictionalized biography of St. Anthony of Padua adheres faithfully to the known facts concerning the popular follower of Assisi, revered today for his miracles, but equally famed in the thirteenth century for his trenchant and learned opposition to the heresies then rampant. The beautiful stories of the sermon to the fish and Bonvillo's mule are retold. Insufficient emphasis is, perhaps, placed on St. Anthony's virulent indictment of clerical tepidity. The saint lived even more boldly and dramatically than is generally supposed. Mr. Beahn has missed an opportunity to show this in his work.

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Christmas Books and Children

by ANNE THAXTER EATON

"YES, I liked it, but I didn't learn to read," said a six-year-old, a little wistfully at the end of his first day at school. It is a pity that such eagerness should ever be curbed and that reading should ever come to be looked upon not as a thrilling experience but as a prosaic task. It is fathers and mothers who can best keep alive the magic of reading for the child; books in the home, an interest on the part of the grown-ups in what the children are reading, serve as the most powerful influence of all in making a child a true booklover.

Each year, as the crop of books written for children grows larger, thought and care are needed to choose the best. Here it is well to lean on some of the older books, proved through many generations of young readers, books that parents recall from their own childhood. We are fortunate this year in having a perennial favorite in a new and beautiful edition, *The Wind in the Willows*, by Kenneth Grahame, (Scribner \$2.50). To his illustrations for the first edition, E. H. Shepard has added two new ones. The typography is an invitation to read and in its new form this enchanting story will make new friends and become a permanent addition to more home libraries. *The Reluctant Dragon* is another well-loved story by this same author, also illustrated by Mr. Shepard, which it is good to have in print again.

For the Youngest Children

Marcia Brown has made a picture book out of Hans Christian Anderson's story of *The Steadfast Tin Soldier*, (Scribner \$2.25) using M. R. James' fine translation. The drawings of this gallant hero as he speeds along in his paper boat until he is swallowed by the fish will please the children, the soft shades of violet and blue-gray suggest the pensive quality an older reader finds in the tale. *Pitschi*, story and many amusing pictures by Hans Fischer (Harcourt \$3.00), tells of an absurd little kitten who always wanted to be something else. The many small readers who enjoyed *Jeanne-Marie Counts Her Sheep*, by Francoise, will welcome the author's *Noel for Jeanne-Marie*, (Scribner \$2.25), a happy little tale in which Father Christmas brings presents for Patapon the white sheep as well as for Patapon's

little mistress. In Pamela Bianco's, *The Doll in the Window*, (Oxford \$2.00), seven-year-old Victoria, when she comes to the store to choose Christmas presents for her five little sisters, is so entranced with the painted wooden doll in the window that she almost decides to buy it for herself instead of the presents, but then her money is lost and she can buy neither one. The kind deed of a Boy Scout and a surprise furnished by the doll herself make a happy Christmas for them all. There is the essence of childhood in these exquisite, delicately colored drawings and this quiet little story brings out the fascination toys hold for children.

A longer story for five-to-eight-year-olds is *Grandfather Whiskers, M.D.*, by Nellie Leonard (Crowell \$2.00). This, like the popular *Graymouse Family* which it follows, is the type of animal story so much enjoyed by the younger children in which the animals talk and act like human beings. In the fine drawings by Barbara Cooney each mouse is individualized and the family's cozy home life is made very convincing. Esther Averill has added another tale to her little library about the engaging little black cat Jenny Linsky. *How the Brothers Joined the Cat Club*, (Harper \$1.50). As always, Miss Averill's drawings are true to cat nature, and her simple text has distinction and a quiet humor.



For Readers Nine To Thirteen

Tessie's Caravan, by Priscilla Warner (Doubleday \$2.50), is complete in itself but those who have read *Biddy Christmas* will be happy to meet the same families again. This author's characters ring true, everything the three girls do and say comes from what they are. The reader feels that he has been living in an actual household where there is warm affection, understanding relationships, and where religion plays a part in everyday living. The background of English country and the author's own fine illustrations add to the charm of the tale. *The Tree Wagon*, by Evelyn Sibley Lampman (Doubleday \$2.75), is a covered-wagon story with a fresh turn, for the little heroine's father started on the Oregon trail with a wagon full of grafted trees and berry bushes. Seenie, who had to leave her beloved cat behind, was given a gooseberry bush as the kind of pet she could carry with her and her determined care brought it safely to Oregon with the 350 trees that survived the journey. The story is founded on fact. *Julie's Secret Sloth*, by Jacqueline Jackson (Little \$2.75), tells of a little girl who, loving animals, buys a giant two-toed sloth when a Zoo is having an auction. All pets are forbidden, so Julie determined to keep Sampson—as she named her new acquisition—hidden, hoping her parents would change their minds. Julie's odd behavior puzzled her parents and her efforts to hide her pet led to some extraordinary situations. An improbable but genuinely funny story. *Burma Boy*, by Willis Lindquist, is a fine story of a boy's love for the great elephant, Majda Koom, and his search for him when everyone else believed the elephant had gone mad and sought the jungle for good. The background is authentic, the boy's faith and courage are appealing,



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and there are excellent illustrations by Nicolas Mordvinoff. (*Whittlesey* \$2.00). Tuffy Taylor, by Bernard F. J. Dooley (*Bruce* \$2.75), tells how Father King and his Boys Club bring about the reformation of Tuffy, the town's bad boy, and how Tuffy subsequently broke up the gang he once belonged to and by some clever detective work solved the mystery of the railroad robberies. It is good to have the eight books by Laura Ingalls Wilder, *The Little House in the Big Woods*, *The Little House on the Prairie*, *Farmer Boy*, *On the Banks of Plum Creek*, *By the Shores of Silver Lake*, *The Long Winter*, *The Little Town on the Prairie*, and *These Happy Golden Years* available in a new and admirable edition. No books for the eight-to-thirteen-year-olds have been more popular than these stories of pioneer life, written out of the author's own experience. Their authentic background, fine integrity, and sensitive characterization make them invaluable reading for young Americans and well worth adding to a child's library. The page with its clear type and wide margins is inviting and there are many fine illustrations over which the artist, Garth Williams, has worked for years. (*Harper* \$2.75 each.)

Fun and Fancy

Not since Anne Parrish's *Floating Island* and J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Hobbit* have we had as highly imaginative and consistently worked out a fanciful tale as Mary Norton's *The Borrowers*, (*Harcourt* \$2.50). The Borrowers are little people who live in quiet, out-of-the-way old houses. Their miniature housekeeping is carried on by means of the things they "borrow" from the human family; match boxes make a chest of drawers, the sitting room is carpeted with red blotting paper, portraits of Queen Victoria (postage stamps) decorate the walls. The friendship of Arrietty, daughter of Pod and Homily, with a human boy brought excitement, even danger, and resulted in a great change in the family's life, a change which Arrietty welcomed with joy. Many drawings of Beth and Joe Krush show the Borrowers at home. In *Take It Easy*, by Thelma Harrington Bell (*Viking* \$2.50), twelve-year-old Margie, as she polishes a brass elephant brought from India, invokes an invisible helper, by name "Mr. Askew" who is ready at all times to help day-dreaming Margie accomplish her tasks. Since Mr. Askew must remain a secret, Margie is hard put to it to explain such sudden improvements as the hedge her mother wanted and which Mr. Askew caused to materialize in one night. There is fun and much real humor in this well-written book. *The Little Witch*, by Anna Elizabeth Bennett (*Lippincott* \$2.50), is an engaging story of little Minikin



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Snickersnee, Minx for short, who wished she was not a witch's child. She disliked black magic, she wanted to go to school and proceeded to do so, causing considerable surprise when she arrived on her broomstick. What happened to Mrs. Sputter of the P.T.A. and Mr. Beanpot the detective, adds to the hilarity of the tale, which ends with the discovery that Minx is not a little witch but a fairy's child. Drawings by Helen Stone catch the spirit of the story.

Animals

Beyond the Timberland Trail, by Joseph E. Chipperfield (*Longmans \$3.00*), is based on the legend of the three wolves descended from a shepherd dog mated with a wolf. How the inherited sheep dog instinct triumphs, together with the description of the wolves' struggles against famine, blizzards, and the efforts of trappers and Mounties to capture them, is a thrilling tale with a background of snow and ice in the North Country. *Jan the Dutch Barge Dog*, by G. W. Barrington (*Longmans \$2.50*), is a well-written tale of a fine dog and the friendship between him and his young master. The wild ponies of Exmoor figure in *Rocket Mystery Horse*, by Judith M. Berrisford (*Dodd \$2.50*). How six children on holiday track down the strange, half-tame red stallion which appears among the ponies, discover his owner, and with the help of their elders do both horse and owner a good turn, will please young readers with its mystery, its fine feeling for horses, and its happy ending. Jack Landru's *Sled Dog of Alaska* (*Dodd \$2.50*) tells how a boy trains a mongrel to be a sled dog. There is much about sled dog training and plenty of adventure along the frozen trails where Smoky, the dog, risks his life for his master when the latter meets a giant bear. *Pets*, a complete handbook on the care and understanding and appreciation of all kinds of animal pets,

by Frances N. Chrystic (*Little \$3.50*), is a book that has long been needed. A splendid Christmas gift for children who have pets and for those who hope to have them. Here they can find out how to care for every kind of pet from canaries to hamsters and turtles. The emphasis on responsibility in caring for pets is something parents will be glad to find emphasized.

For Older Boys and Girls

Muskets Along the Chickahominy, by Gertrude E. Finney (*Longmans \$3.00*), tells of nineteen-year-old Andrew Shields who goes back to the colony of Virginia as an indentured servant, since that is the only way he can get there, hoping to reclaim the land his father had been cheated out of by the unscrupulous Governor Berkeley. How he succeeds, how he wins the respect and liking of the family he serves, and finally the love and hand of one of the daughters, make an excellent story. The background is authentic and the characters very real. *My Sky Is Blue*, by Loula G. Erdman (*Longmans \$2.75*), is the lively account of a young teacher's experience in a one-room school in New Mexico. There is romance in the story, race prejudice skillfully handled by the young teacher, a mystery, plenty of humor, and a real and appealing heroine. In *The Fate of the Clipper "Westwind"* (*Dodd \$2.50*), John Scott Douglas tells an adventurous story of Randy Draper who sails on a tuna clipper to find his friend Frank, believed lost when the Clipper "Westwind" vanished. Bit by bit Randy gathers the necessary clues and when he is at last allowed to test his theories the mysterious disappearance of the "Westwind" is solved, Frank and all the other members of the crew are found. *Roman Collar Detective*, by Grace and Harold Johnson (*Bruce \$2.75*), tells how a likable young priest and his altar boy "Muscles" clear the priest's brother Bill, a wounded Korean veteran, from the charge of murder.

Saints and Heroes

In *The First Catholics* (*Sheed and Ward \$2.75*), Marigold Hunt has retold for children from eight to twelve the Acts of the Apostles. This is stirring reading. Boys and girls respond readily to courage and heroic deeds and here is heroism indeed. With some omissions and simplifying where it is wise, Miss Hunt keeps close to the original narrative so that young readers turning, as she advises them to do, to the New Testament, will read the Book of Acts with ease and with the realization that the deeds of these great First Catholics are a vital part of the Church today. In *The Mission Bell* (*Scribner \$2.25*), Leo Politi tells in a prose both dignified and simple of the coming of Father Junipero Serra to California. His full-page

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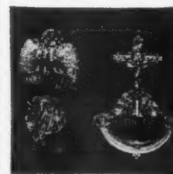


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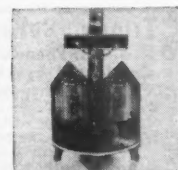
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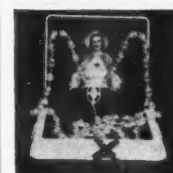
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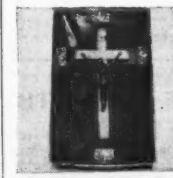
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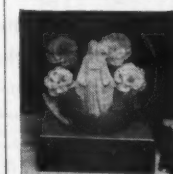
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Christmas and Religion

1953 has provided few new Christmas stories, but that is of little consequence, for Christmas is a time to turn to the old tales that are always new, to Dickens' Christmas Carol, to Beatrix Potter's *The Tailor of Gloucester*, to the Christmas chapter in Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows*, to Charles Brady's *Cat Royal*. This year, however, has brought us two books, other than stories, that are Christmas books in the truest sense since the Christmas festival should be kept in heart and mind not only in December but through the twelve months of the year. One of these is Marigold Hunt's *The Life of Our Lord for Children* (Sheed and Ward \$2.00) published in 1939 and now reprinted. Other books have told for children, the events in the life of Our Lord. This book does more, for helped by the clear account given in the first chapter of what had happened before His coming, even the youngest reader will grasp the two definite things He was doing, saving mankind and founding a kingdom. The author never condescends, she writes for children with understanding and sympathy. A book that boys and girls will find appealing and that they will return to many times. In *The Steps of Jesus*, by H. V. Morton (Dodd \$3.00), based on the author's book for adults *In the Steps of the Master*, will make vivid to older boys and girls the Holy Land as a background for the Gospel story. With *The Bible Through the Church Year*, by Richard Beron, O.S.B. (Pantheon \$1.95), arranges the stories of the Old and New Testaments, based on the Douay-Confraternity version and retold in simple dignified fashion, within the framework of the liturgical year. The purpose is to acquaint young people and whole families with the tradition of Christianity, showing how the liturgical year and the Bible are interrelated. Large, clear type, ample margins, and eighty pictures in color by a group of Benedictine monks make this a beautiful book to be enjoyed by all ages through all the twelve months. In *The Very Name of Christmas*, by Greta McOmber Sciotto and Margaret Egbert Thompson (Chapman and Grimes, \$3.00), is a little book full of the very spirit of Christmas. Planned for families who love the Christmas traditions, it contains customs of Advent and Christmas, poems and sketches by Baroness von Trapp, Harry Emerson Fosdick, and others and a section on Christmas cookery with tempting recipes from many different lands for the baking of Christmas cakes and cookies.



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THIS IS MAIN ST., FRANCE

(Continued from page 12)

the charwoman for the town hall, the gravedigger, and the town crier.

In Meaux, as in all small towns, the Mayor's mouthpiece is still the town crier, who walks through Main Street with his drum and reads out the mayor's proclamations—ranging from warnings about the laws governing disorders in cafés or display of fruits and vegetables in the market to the latest law passed by the National Assembly, which was probably published days or weeks earlier in the newspapers.

The town's chief industries are making chemical products, cotton and nylon hosiery and lingerie, metallurgical products, printing—but more than anything else, it is the commercial center for sugar beets, grain, cattle, and two kinds of Brie cheese.

M. Barennes thinks the middleman and the retailer in France get too high a profit margin, and he supports the price-cutting campaign.

Being Mayor is supposed to be a part-time job, but M. Barennes finds he can seldom get away from his duties. When he does, his favorite sport is hunting.

Evening is now descending on Meaux, and the last rays of the sun are slanting in on the Marne through a stretch of stately cypress trees. An old man is dozing over the table of a café terrace. Children playing in the park have long since gone home, as has the last washerwoman crouched over her tub at the river bank, rhythmically beating cleanliness into her clothes as her ancestors have done for centuries.

THERE is time only for a look at Meaux's "wrong side of the tracks"—the old town on the South Side of the Marne, where everything is even older, cheaper, and in a sadder state of despair. Then back to Main Street.

The lights are going on all along the length of Main Street. The smells of dinner cooking and the sounds of radios tuned to Paris come from open windows. Shops are closing and the streets are becoming deserted again.

The local cinemas are playing French dubbed versions of a British and an American film, *Lily Marlene* (approved for adults only, according to the bulletin board at the Cathedral) and *La Revanche d'Ali Baba* (for adults only, with some reservations).

Soon, even the lights of the cafés go out, and only Main Street is illuminated by strong street lamps, because it is a national highway, while the rest of the town is all but dark.

The Strasbourg night express roars by on the overpass across Main Street in a streamlined blur. But nobody hears it. Because almost everybody is asleep by now in Main Street, France.

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LETTERS

(Continued on page 2)

I entered a game of rebuttals with him.

For instance, he speaks of the radical women of pre-suffrage days. We all know these lunatic fringes which are the bane of every movement, and this includes not only women's movements nor only of the laity. The ones who did spade work for woman suffrage and human rights were women like Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Catt and Susan Anthony. The country has thought enough of the women of this caliber to put a statue of them in the Capitol. They stand close together and a mighty motherly looking group they are too.

As for the remarkable words of Pope Pius XII quoted about motherhood, actual and spiritual, I could add to that quote another fine one by the same man, "In your hands lies the future of the world," he said, and he was talking to women and he meant he wanted them to get out and vote.

I think a good way to learn the value that the Christian religion puts—or its followers should put—on women is to read in the Gospels the value Christ gave them, how He treated them, what He said to them. This is the best answer to disparagers of women—or of men either, for I think to denigrate either sex does the world no good. Also the Gospel account shows well the eternal gratitude of women toward those who understand them and consider them half the human race: there were three women to one man at the foot of the Cross, before as well as after Our Lord's death.

As for the offer made by Father Cantillon of a public debate, I am afraid I could not meet the insouciant way in which he would want to conduct it. I would not want to play it for laughs. To me this is a very serious matter and this light touch toward the little woman is not the way I would want to handle it. So, in answer to his public invitation, I also publicly thank him and regretfully decline.

MRS. KATHERINE BURTON
BRONXVILLE, N. Y.

Women Can Cook!

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Concerning that article, "Today's Women Can't Cook," let me say that I can see through the author as if he had a window in his stomach. He knows blamed well that today's women can cook, and his article is just a diabolical plot to get them all cooking for him. He thinks they'll feed him silly from now on to prove he's wrong. And he's right about that; but I pity him. He's going to find out that one stomach (with or without window) won't stand up under all the free meals that are going to be forced on him by the aroused female population. Art Smith is going to wish he'd never written that article.

I agree with Art, though, on two things. Women ought to learn to bake. That store stuff can't be called bread except by insulating the word. And I don't like frozen vegetables. Why? Because they freeze 'em before they're ripe. The result is that they're tough and tasteless. But in the final analysis, the whole argument is purely academic to me. I don't like eating; it takes too much time and effort. I'm the despair of my

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wife and my friends' wives. But I still say they can cook, even if I couldn't care less.

JOSEPH A. BREIG

CLEVELAND, OHIO

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Please inform Art Smith he's right. I wouldn't recognize a suet pudding if one walked up and pinched my cheek (November issue of THE SIGN—page 24, "Today's Women Can't Cook"), but I'd know it the minute I ate a bite—preferably with lemon or cinnamon sauce, and I am only twenty-eight.

It might be interesting to note whether Mr. Smith's last pair of shoes were handmade or did his shoemaker go "machine-age" too?

(Mrs.) JEAN LAUBACHER

CANTON, OHIO

Jammed!

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

... I was fortunate enough to meet Don Foskett ("God's Grace on the Gridiron") personally when I was in Hartford. He is a fine writer, and I read him every week in the *Catholic Transcript*.

Don mentioned there being 10,000 to 15,000 spectators in the stands. In those days we were lucky if we got 5,000 out to watch us play Notre Dame on the plains of West Point. The crowd consisted of officers, enlisted men, their wives and children and about 300 or 400 from New York consisting of Notre Dame graduates and the subway alumni.

Thanks for publishing this grand article.

E. Q. OLIPHANT

NEW CANAAN, CONN.

Bevan Overrated?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

J. K. Adair's recent article, "Bevan Doesn't Like Uncle Sam," was most interesting, but according to my information, as corroborated by recent events, it was not accurate in all details. (1) Aneurin Bevan, who represents the extreme but non-Communist left in the British Labor Party and the British Trades Union Congress, or Labor federation, is not so powerful a person in either body as Mr. Adair says. (2) Britain is not anti-American in the personal sense, but does differ with us on foreign policy, which is not the same thing. ...

Adair correctly states the issues on which Britain considers us wrong. Many Englishmen think that we have leadership more because of luck and muscle than brains, and our task is to convince the British of the justice of our policies. ...

HARRY W. FLANNERY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Woman to Woman" and Votes

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

We were very glad to read "Woman to Woman" in your September issue.

Since the League of Women Voters is a nonpartisan organization, composed of members of all parties and all faiths, it cannot be a truly representative organization without a large number of actively participating Catholic women. We do, of

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course, have many Catholic women in our membership, and we feel sure that if others follow the thinking in Mrs. Burton's column, the League will profit as well as the new members.

MRS. FRANCIS C. ROSECRANCE
 Executive Secretary

League of Women Voters of New York
 NEW YORK, N. Y.

Miss Willmann

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The picture and article relating to Miss Dorothy J. Willmann (September) undoubtedly pleased a great many people with whom she has worked during the course of the pleasant, apostolic years. It has been my privilege to be associated with Miss Willmann in many ways, and I have much admired her own personal growth in spirit and zeal and her endless idealism and patience in dealing with those who have turned to her for leadership. . . .

Miss Willmann has set a personal example of the Lay Apostolate that should continue to attract others. She has done great things for God, the Church, and Catholic Action, and we are all proud of her.

REV. DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

Miss Mays

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The article about Miss Mays, ("Young Labor Organizer") was particularly interesting to us. It is well done and your pictures really tell a story.

Best wishes for success in your work. We all enjoy reading THE SIGN.

SISTER MARIA PATRICIA, O.P.
 Albertus Magnus College
 NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Little League and Little Error

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

All in our family were happy to see the article on "Little League" and its President, Father Joseph F. (not James) Lawlor of St. Joachim's Church.

As the author indicates, "Little League" is only one of Father's many accomplishments. . . . He is also an active participant in the parish club for the adult members of the parish.

As subscribers to your excellent magazine for over twenty years, our family was happy to see our beloved Father Lawlor held up as an inspiration to your other readers. He is a man who not only plans things but carries them through to successful conclusions.

JOHN F. X. BROWNE
 FAR ROCKAWAY, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE SIGN apologizes to Fr. Lawlor for misprinting his name.

Cardinal Spellman

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Mr. Jim Bishop's, "Day in the Life of a Cardinal," published in the November issue of THE SIGN presents a heartwarming view of Cardinal Spellman. Let us have more of these verbal pictures of the members of the Catholic Hierarchy.

(MRS.) L. W. CULLY
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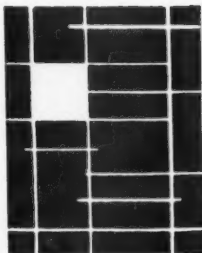
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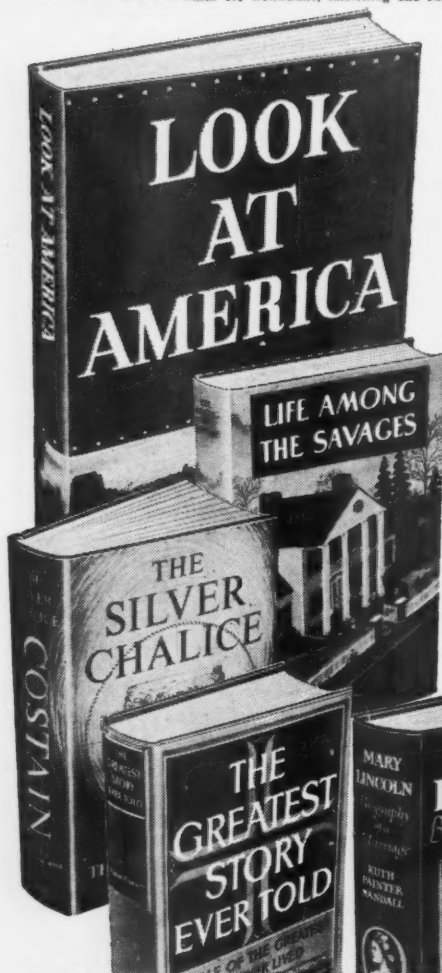
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